

POEMS

*T. G. YOUNGMAN*



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P O E M S



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# P O E M S

BY THE LATE

THOMAS GEORGE YOUNGMAN

L O N D O N

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1884

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*TO —*

SWIFT fly the days, swift fly the years,  
With sun and shade and joys and fears ;  
But now and then amid their flight,  
A day from orient gates of light,  
Through morn and noon, to soft dark night,  
Will beam, unclouded, pure and bright ;—  
Such ever be this day of thine,  
Oh, long-loved, faithful wife of mine !  
So still with love, we'll bless its light,  
And mark it with a jewel bright.

ABOUT the year 870, the Danes, under Inguar and Ubba, having established themselves in the northern districts of England, began to extend their conquests to the eastern parts of the kingdom. Edmund, who at this time held his court at Thetford, advanced to meet the invaders; and after a bloody struggle, which lasted the entire day, was completely defeated. Closely pursued by his enemies, the king concealed himself under a bridge in the neighbourhood of Eglesdene (now Hoxne) where the glitter of his gold spurs discovered him to a newly married couple, who were crossing the bridge at night. Betrayed to the Danes, he was offered his life if he would divide his kingdom and forsake Christianity. He rejected these terms with indignation, and was then bound to a tree by his cruel persecutors, "beaten with short bats," and according to Lydgate's account, "fixed as a mark to exercise the skill of the archers, until his body was covered with arrows like a porcupine with quills." Inguar still finding his mind invincible, ordered his head to be cut off; and thus he died, on the 20th November, A.D. 870, "Kyng, Martyr, and Virgyne," in the 15th year of his reign, and the 29th of his age. He was interred first at Hoxne, where a small chapel was built to mark the spot; but in the year 903 his body was removed to Bury, and a church was erected over his grave. This edifice having fallen into decay, was replaced by a magnificent structure, the ruins of which are still standing in the churchyard of Bury St. Edmund's.

---

*THE LEGEND OF ST. EDMUND.*

## A MEDLEY.

NEARLY a thousand years ago,  
In ages, men now call "the dark,"  
The tide of life was rather slow,  
Here, by the streamlet of the Lark.

As onward time races,  
Speech, manners, and places,  
All good gifts and graces,  
Old habits and faces,  
Change, as the winds of custom blow.

In those early times, folks didn't peruse  
Five papers a day, themselves to amuse—  
*Free Press, Bury Post, Times, Punch, Daily News,*  
Nor sad naughty heterodox *Oxford Reviews*,  
Nor gather together their friends to abuse  
'Bout putting up benches and taking down pews,  
Nor church rates at a vestry ever refuse,  
Nor expound on deal hustings political views,

Nor shout—"Yellows for ever! Down with the Blues!"  
Nor in a steam-boat take a nautical cruise,  
Nor, like Sayers and Heenan, each other bruise,  
Nor wear knickerbockers, nor Highlander's trews,  
(Though like us they borrowed their money of Jews);  
In short, since then, our hold has been tightening  
On knowledge and power, our prospects are brightening,  
And our motto is, "Slick, go ahead like red lightning!"

Yet, in that long, long time ago,  
Some things very good, some very "so-so"—  
In this little world of ours below,  
Some for weal, and some for woe,  
Whether for better, or whether for worse,  
Banning, or blessing, boon or curse,  
Thought or spoken, in prose or verse,  
Went on very much as they do now.

The moon, as now, was set on high,  
Bright, soft, "sweet regent of the sky,"  
And threw her light on bridge and tower,  
On gleaming grass, and dew-bent flower,  
On cottage thatch, and lady's bower;  
With silver deck'd each sleeping hill,  
Dipped her bright foot in every rill,  
Trickled through densest forest shade,  
And down the smooth green winding glade  
A path of dappled darkness made.

But not alone 'long moonlit walk  
Did outlaw prowl, or wild deer stalk ;  
The silver light of those glad skies  
Was brightest *then* in lovers' eyes ;  
To them, the green earth's humblest vale  
Robed in the rays of Luna pale,  
Was perfect beauty, Eden's bowers,  
O'er which the bright swift golden hours  
Gamboll'd, undimmed by evil powers ;  
And made them prize, all gifts above,  
Those choicest blessings, Light and Love.

Now it happened one night,  
When Dian bright  
Shed, as usual, her light  
O'er valley and height,  
A long time ago—a thousand years—quite,  
And the green earth lay glist'ning beneath her rich  
bounty,  
That a couple of lovers,  
Like a pair of young plovers,  
Were taking the air by a stream in this county.

But isn't it strange  
How customs will change,  
With the roll of the ages, like scenes in a play ?  
For the lady and gent  
Who their moments thus spent,

---

Thus by the stream tarried,  
Had only been married  
At a neighb'ring village on that very day.

Now I know in this age we don't stand upon trifles,

But just let me ask  
(Without wishing to task  
His ever indwelling  
Desire of truth-telling,

Or obliging his candour to put on a mask),  
Any private in our famed West Suffolk Rifles ;  
If by his skill, or his wits, or his labour good,  
He'd scraped up enough  
Of the right sort of stuff  
To set up in life,  
A new house and a wife,  
And without let or delay  
Had been married to-day

At the church of St. James's just over the way,  
Would he like to linger about in the neighbourhood ?

No—a trifle I'd bet,  
In fine weather or wet

(After his "*déjeûner à la fourchette*"),  
He'd bolt at a pace would his grandfather craze,  
And turn the whole street inside out in amaze—  
On horseback, or dog-cart, by rail or post-chaise,

Calling out to papa,  
Like young Lochinvar,

“ When light to the saddle that morning he sprung,  
And light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,”

“ Oh, good Mr. Graham,  
You may think it a shame,

You may call me a runaway slink, or a spoon,  
But ‘ one hour in the morn is worth two afternoon,’

So like winkin’ I’ll hook it,  
‘ Catch your hare and then cook it ;’

This moment, this instant, I’m off by the rail,  
And swift must you follow,

O’er hill and o’er hollow,

If you mean before night ‘ to lay salt on my tail.’ ”

I shall certainly fail  
To get through with my tale,  
If, instead of progressing,  
I keep still digressing ;

So back to the streamlet, clear, winding, and shady,  
Where we left a brave knight, and a charming young lady.

By that streamlet they walked,  
And softly they talked ;  
No sound around,  
In sky or ground,

Save the murmur of water, or beetles’ quick wings,  
(Or the slender sharp song of a gnat or a midge).

They whispered and walked.  
They were silent—then talked,

When their tongues were quiet, their eyes said sweet things ;  
So they wandered by grove, copse, valley, and ridge,  
Until all of a sudden they came to a bridge.

On the bridge they stood, side by side,  
Husband and wife, bridegroom and bride ;  
He was six feet two, she some inches shorter,  
And they both looked intently into the water.

Now, I must confess  
That the lady's dress  
Is a thing I should very much like to describe,  
And if 'twere a lady's dress of to-day,  
I'd endeavour to do it, something this way :—  
To begin, she had on her head, I should say,  
A shape borrowed at first from some far Eastern tribe,  
But fashion had made it so formal and squat,  
It seemed a pork-pie turned into a hat ;  
Or if instead,  
She had on her head  
A new-fangled bonnet, the peak was so flat on it,  
It looked precisely as if some one had sat on it ;  
Her dress was rich silk,  
All flounces and frills, all pucker and crease,  
And ribbed round with ribbon of mauve or cerise ;  
(To number the tucks would have puzzled a Babbage,  
And her hair was poked into a net like a cabbage ;)

Clear starched, white as milk,  
Were her collar and cuffs, and her cloak or pelisse,  
For walking or driving, to loiter or chat in,  
So slouching and wide you might swing a big cat in,  
Was mouse-coloured velvet, lined with white satin ;

But what, more than all,  
Flat hat, or lace fall,  
Ruffs, ribbons, or cloak, straw bonnet, or shawl,  
Marked her time in the fashion, gave her place in chro-  
nology,  
And has gone on extending  
Its voluminous bending,  
Spite of newspaper critics, or modern theology,  
That which alone a peculiar grace lent her,  
Was a violent petticoat, coloured magenta,  
Full seven yards round, and as stiff as a cartridge ;  
Little boots with high heels, and red legs like a par-  
tridge.

But the lady bright,  
In that soft light,  
Who stood on that ancient bridge by night,  
Was dressed in a different manner—quite.

Her purple robe, from shoulders rare,  
Down to the ground in folds descended ;  
Her silken veil, and flowing hair,  
Below her waist together blended ;

And round each arm, soft, white, and bare,  
A golden bracelet loosely bended.  
Her robes, from oval head to heel,  
One waving line of beauty showed,  
No vain conceit did there reveal  
Such taste as sways the modern crowd ;  
And where, upon her forehead fair,  
Dark veil and darker locks were parted,  
The moon gleamed on a face, as rare  
As olden painter ever limned,  
As e'er by sorrow's cloud was dimmed,  
Or with joy's ripple over-brimmed,  
Or sent sad lover broken-hearted.

Well—the lady bright  
And her goodly knight  
In contemplative mood  
On the old bridge stood—  
Not the bridge through which Hood,  
In his famous poem, the “Bridge of Sighs,”  
Has drawn rivers of tears from myriad eyes,  
But a rustic bridge, for carts, horses, or oxen,  
Called “the Bridge of Gold” in the parish of Hoxne.

Here I'd say—by-the-bye—  
That a lady's eye  
Is quick to espy  
All novel things, whether low or high ;

And if for your house you may chance to have got  
New curtains or carpets—a cheap auction lot  
Of pictures or glasses, or ormolu clocks,  
Or Dresden shepherds standing on rocks,  
Whether purchase, or gift, from stall, shop, or market,  
Whether won at a raffle, or bought for a lark, it  
Is certainly true  
That on the first view  
Your lady friend will be sure to remark it,  
Saying, “ Well, I declare  
Those things you have there,  
Are beautiful, exquisite, charmingly rare !  
But, d'ye know, I saw some things in the fair  
Exactly like them at sixpence a pair ! ”  
So this lady who stood on the bridge that night,  
Seeing down by the arch something glitter bright,  
Called out directly, “ Look, dear, look,  
Down in the water—there in the brook,  
’Tis yellow as honey,  
’Tis a bag of money,  
Jump in and get it, by hook or by crook ! ”

The knight looked down, but left not the path—

*He* wasn't ecstatic,  
Perhaps was rheumatic ;  
He looked in the river,  
Seemed rather to shiver,  
Didn't relish being made a “ Knight of the Bath.”

But the lady still cried,  
Standing close by his side,  
“ Why, don’t you perceive it ?  
I cannot believe it,  
There—where the light flitters,  
Oh ! see how it glitters,  
'Tis a casket with locks by Chubb or by Bramah,  
Never mind spoiling your new suit of armour—  
When you get home you can put all to-rights,  
And change your mail leggings for ‘ cast-iron tights,’  
    Oh ! jump in and get it,  
    Never mind how wet it  
Is, I’m sure 'tis crammed full of pearls and gold ;  
There’s wealth uncounted, riches untold,  
Enough to live on 'till we are old !  
    Jump in and nab it,  
    I’m dying to grab it,  
It gleams, it glitters, bright as a guinea,  
*Do* jump in and get it, you shivering ninny ! ”

Thus urged to comply  
By voice, look, and eye,  
The Knight could no longer the lady deny,  
But thought to himself, “ 'Tis as likely as any,  
If money at all, 'tis a new copper penny,  
‘ But in for a penny, I’m in for a pound,  
If I’m born to be hanged, I shall never be drown’d,’

On my first wedded night this is rather a muddle,  
I suppose I must do it, ‘each path has its puddle,’ ”  
So down from the bridge he plunged into the water,  
    And found that the prize  
        Which had dazzled their eyes  
Would never be his, could never be hers—  
Being really and truly a pair of gold spurs  
Buckled on to the heels of an arméd man,  
Who having just failed in some little plan,  
And being entirely disgusted and sick  
With the state of affairs, had “sloped, cut his stick,”  
    For pocket and life  
        Had fled from the strife,  
And crouched beneath the old bridge span—  
In fact, they had caught a “regular Tartar,”  
    For instead of a bag  
        With lots of swag,  
They’d got hold of king Edmund—“Saint and Martyr.”

Not that he *then* had passed martyrdom’s pinch,  
He was only in danger of “Mister Judge Lynch,”  
And how he got there ’twere easy to show,  
    But I doubt not you all very well know  
        That he and his forces,  
            Warriors and horses,  
Had just met with a terrible overthrow—  
That after a whole day’s fighting and kicking,  
From the Danes they had got a horrible licking.

Now fain would my muse take a soaring flight,  
And sing in grand numbers the deeds of that fight  
    But time wouldn't allow,  
    So I'll only say now  
    That the blows and the gashes,  
    The cuts and the slashes,  
    The thrusting and mauling,  
    The pulling and hauling,  
    The reeling and falling,  
    The groans and the bawling,  
    The shrieking and calling,  
    The crying and squalling,  
    The sharp caterwauling,  
Were, as newspapers tell us, "truly appalling;"  
And the noise might be heard for ten miles or more,  
Like the rush of the foam billows lashing the shore,  
Or the howling of wolves 'mid the blasts of rude  
    Boreas,  
Or—our Choral Society singing a "*chorœus*."

But Edmund the king, at the close of the day,  
Fled fast as he could from that dreadful affray;  
Nor fled he for refuge to sacred fanes,  
No sanctuary he found in chapel or church,  
But, shabbily left by his friends in the lurch,  
He hid under the bridge where the lady and knight  
Found him out by the gleam of his spurs so bright,  
And went straight to the camp and told the Danes—

Who caught him, and shot him to death with arrows,  
“ As naughty boys shoot at the little cock-sparrows.”

Now a legend you see  
Descriptive may be,  
Didactic, ecstatic,  
Spasmodic, or Attic,  
But 'tis never perfection  
Till some proper reflection  
Brings home a great truth on its own melody ;  
So I'll stop in my story,  
And just set before ye  
A notion in rhymes,  
Which, if, hipped with the times,  
Discontented and radical,  
Ev'ry thing bad you call,  
Will, in less than a minute, contentment restore you.

With foreign foes in deadly strife,  
King Edmund lost his crown and life :  
Here in this place, on ev'ry plain,  
Spoil'd pillag'd, tortur'd, burnt, and slain,  
*Your* kindred called for help in vain.

Now would this have happen'd in days of old  
If, stalwart and steady, unflinching and bold,  
Our West Suffolk Rifles had then been enrolled ?

I've seen them all, every sinner,  
Here in this very hall at dinner,  
And didn't they walk into ev'ry dish?  
Mutton and beef, and fowl and fish,  
Lobster and salad, pepper and mustard,  
Pies and tarts, and jelly and custard ;  
Apples and figs, potted meats and ham,  
Raisins and almonds, dates and jam,  
Chine and chicken, tongue and turkey,  
Pudding and sauce enough to burke ye,

Hock and sherry, champagne and port,  
Jugs of claret, just the right sort,  
Noyau, curaçoa, and cherry brandy,  
Double X or stout—whenever 'twas handy,  
Bass's pale ale and Meux's porter,  
And then for a “cooler,” soda water :  
Never was seen such a jolly spread,  
Never were riflemen better fed,  
Men couldn't desire a better supply—  
('Twas cooked at the Angel, and served by Guy),  
And the whole thing showed, deny it who could ?  
That West Suffolk Riflemen know what's good.

And yet, who doubts, if foreign hand  
Threaten'd to-day our native land—  
If *now* the fated hour had come  
To strike for altar, hearth, and home—

Who doubts that, at his country's call,  
Each man who feasted in this hall,  
Lovers and friends, our heart's best pride,  
Children we nourished byour side,  
Would line at once the threatened shore,  
Hear with glad ears the cannon's roar,  
Steady as rocks the death-shot pour,  
Or charging forward, hand to hand,  
With levell'd steel or gleaming brand,  
Dye deep with blood our English sand ;  
Unconquered, fearless, staunch, and free,  
Fight, with no thought but victory,  
Fight, to the last expiring breath,  
A victor still in life or death ?

Let the fierce foemen come like wild waves to our strand,  
All dauntless our dear ones a rampart will stand ;  
Let them come with a rush, like the tempest's fierce  
breath,  
The arms of our loved ones shall hurl them to death—  
Hurl them back to the sand-beds and caves of the deep,  
As the rocks on our shores check the huge billows'  
sweep ;  
And each foeman who plants hostile foot on our strand  
Shall find a red grave is his home in our land.

Then home from the fierce fight, the battle's deep roar,  
“ Red wet shod ” from the struggle, the blood-trampled  
shore,

---

Our loved ones shall come from the dangers they braved  
To arms that shall clasp them, to homes they have saved :

Then the banners will wave, and the clarions will ring,  
And our bards to the nations their pæans will sing,  
But deeper than all on our hearts shall be graved—  
“ By our children, our dear ones, our loved ones were  
saved.”

I think you must own  
At least I have shewn  
That this land of East Anglia, our dear native shore,  
Had never been harried by troublesome Danes,  
Our forefathers never had suffered such pains,  
Our king had ne'er bowed to a foreigner's yoke,  
Nor been tied like a target in front of an oak,  
If the West Suffolk Rifles “ had been to the fore.”

But honour to the brave is due—  
He died a warrior bold and true ;  
A glory shrined his gory head,  
Faith knelt beside his sacred bed ;  
Mourned by a nation's holy tears  
His name still brightened through the years ;  
For when the cruel Pagans tried,  
By torture's keenest force applied,  
To make him bend beneath their rod,  
Forsake his land, deny his God,

He to their teeth their power defied ;  
In fiery trial, bitter loss,  
But clung still closer to the cross !  
By hosts of fiends in strength and pride  
Long by the sharpest torture tried,  
With hope allured, or promise plied,  
(The life-blood trickling down his side),  
A patriot martyr, then he died ;  
Died on his own green native sod,  
For his dear land, and dearer God.

In some lone nook, or forest cell,  
They dug his grave just where he fell ;  
But pious hands, the spot to save,  
From blank oblivion's rolling wave,  
Soon built a chapel o'er his grave.  
And then when forty years had sped,  
They made his famed and sacred bed  
Within our Abbey's guardian wall ;  
And built a temple o'er his grave  
They deemed that time itself might save  
Till the last trumpet's wak'ning call.  
A thousand windows deck'd that shrine,  
The aisles' high tow'ring lofty line  
Might well o'erarch a forest's bowers—  
Go seek them *now*, and you shall find,  
Naught but the sadly sighing wind,  
Low moaning through some ruined towers.

Arrows and bows are now nearly forgotten,  
(Except by young ladies who shoot for a prize,  
And then all their dead shots are made with their eyes),  
But not long ago, where the arrows had sped  
Which the blood of our martyr'd king had once shed,  
An old oak was cut down that was well-nigh rotten ;  
And when his huge carcase was rifted apart,  
An old arrow head was found deep in his heart.

Ah ! you who shoot, with bitter words,  
Sharp anger's arrow tipped with fire—  
Who dip that arrow-head of steel  
In slander foul, or venom'd ire—  
Think, when you strike some fancied foe,  
That, when the shaft has left the dart,  
How many years may come and go,  
And still the barb lie in the heart.

### MORAL.

The custom has been, as pleasant connections,  
To tack to these tales some moral reflections ;  
And first let me speak to those who have tarried  
In bachelor life, not yet being married :—

With love never palter,  
Don't seek Hymen's altar

By the ever accursed bridge of gold ;  
If you do, you will find, ere your days grow old,  
That your wife is a vixen, a shrew, and a Tartar,  
And you're daily more shot at than Edmund the Martyr.

And here let me say, though somewhat irrelevant,  
As you journey through life,  
With children and wife,  
Or trouble and strife,

Though with pleasures or pains your passage be rife,  
Don't try to be merry, light-hearted, or elegant ;  
You must never be "Airy," but be astronomical,  
Be quite scientific, but never be comical,  
And always speak low in funereal tones ;  
Don't go to hear readings from Jerrold by Jones ;  
Prefer garbled statements, just coloured with spite,  
But censure all laughing at Dickens and Wright ;  
Don't come to these *soirées*, don't "go in" for fun,  
Don't hear merry music, though music be poured  
Like wine at a feast, when *he* touches the chord—  
Our "Glorious Apollo," our *own* Robert Nunn ;  
Let your *own* special virtue be always your boast,  
Never "eat cakes and ale," stick to tea and dry toast,  
And you'll please an "old fogy" \* who wrote in "*The Post.*"

---

\* See Letter in BURY POST, signed "SAFE SIDE," 26th February :—

"An old fogy like myself might have been contented to let this matter work itself out ; but I see we are shortly to have an Amateur Readers' *Soirée*," etc.

One more word of advice

Let me give in a trice,

And at once make an end of this tedious matter :

I advise all young men who of taste have a smatter,

(For I hope from this tale of St. Edmund they'll feel

“ One spur in the head is worth two in the heel,”)

If they wish to become famed for sobriety,

Models of usefulness, pinks of propriety,

Avoiding all noisy and vain notoriety,

Let them join the “ AMATEUR READERS’ SOCIETY.”

"Did not a certain lady whip," etc.—See *HUDIBRAS, part 2, canto 1, line 885.*

Lady Monson, who has been immortalized by Butler in the stanza partly quoted above, was, at the time referred to by the poet, the wife of her third husband, Sir William Monson, created by Charles I. Viscount Monson, of Castlemaine; a nobleman so unmindful of the favours conferred by his sovereign, that he sat as one of the commissioners and judges at the king's trial. For this, it is said, Lady Monson inflicted upon her lord the punishment alluded to, which had the effect of keeping him from the court on the day judgment was passed. At the restoration of King Charles II. Lord Monson was degraded and imprisoned, and sentenced with others to be dragged from the Tower to Tyburn and back, on sledges, with ropes about their necks. His wife survived him, and took for her fourth husband, Sir Adam Felton, Bart.—*Suffolk Archaeological Proceedings, 2nd vol., p. 85.*

### *LADY MONSON:*

A MATRIMONIAL LEGEND OF BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

"They who in quarrels interpose,  
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

PRAY don't think this elegant couplet is mine;  
'Tis Gay's, every word, and if you incline  
To read a little more truth in that line,  
Where plain speaking and poetry really combine,

You'll find in his "Fables" some things to your liking,  
Short, sharp, and sent home in a manner quite striking.  
Pitch'd into your optics all unawares,  
*A la* hard-hitting Mace, or famous Tom Sayers,  
Outspoken and plain, without let or remorse,  
Quite as true as my motto—and equally coarse.

But pray—oh, pray don't think,  
That by nod, word, or wink,  
I mean to insinuate,  
Hint, guess, or indicate,  
That any man in his senses ever supposes  
The good folks of Bury will squabble or wrangle,  
Are jealous or jobbing, will jar or will jangle,  
Or each other's good names maliciously mangle,  
Or wipe ever in secret sanguineous noses ;

Oh ! worse than confusion,  
Horror, fight, or contusion,  
All ills in profusion,  
Would fall on my head if such a conclusion  
You from my opening motto should draw,  
Or see in our Townsfolk's good manners a flaw,  
Or think a hard thought, or rub up "a raw."  
Oh no ! At once, pray let me declare,  
With the steadiest face, and honestest air,  
Of good temper they all have more than their share ;  
In vestries or councils they never fall out,  
But always know what they are talking about ;

Through ev'ry topic the best feeling ranges—  
Drains, hospitals, church-roofs, and new corn-exchanges ;  
Here in Committee oft you may see 'em,  
Embracing each other to make a Museum,  
Or cooing like doves 'bout affairs Athenæum ;  
Then at the Paving-board each man is a brother,  
Commissioners never throw stones at each other ;  
Little birds never whisper of mischievous tales ;  
And when Denmark's sweet Rose wedded Edward of  
Wales,  
For one kind of rejoicing all felt inclined,  
At once the whole town made up its whole mind ;  
    In short 'tis no fiction,  
    Beyond contradiction,  
That from the Southgate to the uttermost Brackland,  
Though bare of the needful as famous John Lackland,  
If rolling in riches, or wanting in wealth,  
If groaning in sickness, or buoyant in health,  
Whether dining off sprats, or rich venison greasy,  
They are always good-tempered, and jolly, and easy,  
And live the results of their good sense to reap,  
Like the rats, cats, and monkeys, a man used to keep  
All huddled together as peaceful as sheep,  
And show in a cage at a penny a peep.

But yet, but yet, it may be yet,  
Though here no public quarrels fret,

And ev'ry manner, ev'ry mind  
Speaks only peace to all mankind ;  
It may be that domestic wheels,  
Don't always run like spinning reels ;  
We have not reached the perfect day,  
We still are only common clay,  
And lives that love might lead along  
Like the sweet cadence of a song,  
Swept by fierce storms of strife and hate  
O'er whirling waters of their fate,  
Lie black, and wrecked, and desolate.

But, really it isn't for me to say how  
Connubial matters speed with us now ;  
We know matrimony is always a mixture—  
And some of us find it a regular fixture—  
A collection of comforts a little thing mars,  
Where there's always a shelf for family jars ;

At least I can say  
If it's not so to-day,  
'Twas so in this town that married life sped,  
With a noble and notable couple who wed,  
Just a few years before king Charles lost his head.

You're dying, no doubt,  
Just now to find out  
What particular squabble this Legend's about ;

All anxious for facts,  
Words, letters and acts,  
Like the crowds that resort  
To Judge Cresswell's court,

When o'er a *nice* case lawyers are making a rout  
With a poor shame-faced witness to bully and flout.

But don't be in a flurry,  
There's no reason for hurry

I sha'n't speak till the time comes, and then I'll speak out ;  
Yet this without further preface I'll tell,  
At the time these events I'm narrating befell,  
Lady Monson, a lady buxom 'and free,  
Was the wife of Lord Monson, in his degree  
A nobleman, gracious and pleasant to see,  
Who, of her ladyship's husbands, now stood number threc.

Now pray don't suppose  
I'm going to disclose  
A series of scenes from palace and hovel,  
A regular three-volum'd bigamy novel,  
Like "Aurora Floyd," that high-flying "bad un,"  
Who has just been hit off by clever Miss Braddon ;  
Oh no, Lady Monson was free from all crime,  
And though 'twas perhaps without reason or rhyme,  
That thrice for her marriage did wedding bells chime ;  
She had never possess'd but one spouse at a time.  
And here without doubt, I'm bound to declare,  
That three spouses was one or two more than her share.

Still I know you'll agree  
Exactly with me,  
When I say, that some ladies,  
Whatever their shade is,  
Whether black, brown or fair,  
With ebony tresses, or long golden hair,  
Whether smiling like summer, or wintered with care,  
Whether crab-like in aspect, or blithe debonair ;  
If low voiced like Cordelia, or curst with shrill snappiness,  
Are never contented with medium happiness.

If some foolish fashion  
Has made it a passion  
For a lady to walk with wide hoops on each side her,  
Our fast lady will wear  
More than double her share,  
And won't stir, unless hers are made seven feet wider :  
If she drives, she will drive like the very old Harry ;  
If she rides, her horse knows he's a vixen to carry ;  
Whatever she does, she does at the "double,"  
With clatter and patter, and flurry and trouble ;  
She's a "stunner," a "screamer," a "regular rusher,"  
A fast one, a fly-a-way, out-and-out "gusher,"  
Not one at a time, but all of a cluster,  
She does things with noise and bustle and fluster,  
And her motto for life seems—"go in a buster."

Now when once in his life  
Any man for his wife

Gets a mixture like this, of vixen and Tartar,  
If he doesn't soon hang himself up in his garter,  
Or by help of Sir Cresswell annul Hymen's charter  
And so his position for peace of mind barter,  
He's a jolly good right to be ranked as a martyr.

For gibing and jeering,  
Caterwauling and sneering,  
With cross interfering,  
Cold mutton and mustard,  
Curdled eggs and sour custard,  
Bad bread and weak tea,  
With no scent of Bohea,  
Curtain lectures and snubs,  
Hard words and rough rubs,  
Will make his whole life  
Such a scene of sad strife,

So filled with all things viewed by him with abhorrence,  
That he'll envy the gridiron of martyred Saint Lawrence.

But e'en where Hymen's golden reign  
Is scarcely touched by care or pain,  
And Love draws from a boundless hoard  
All that affection's joys afford,  
And binds two hearts, as sovereign lord,  
Like wedding cards with silver cord,  
And cherub forms surround the board—  
Who stuff their little hungry stomachs  
With lumps of meat as big as hummocks,

Who know not indigestion's sigh,  
Think bilious headaches "*all my eye*,"  
"*Go in*" for soup, and meat, and fish,  
And shove their paws in every dish,  
Who swallow pickles, fruit, molasses,  
And jams, and tarts, and pies in masses—  
E'en in this home of loving eyes,  
This soft and sugared paradise,  
Some luckless act, some word in haste,  
Will give the sweet an acrid taste,  
E'en here some biting wind will creep,  
And fleck the sunny halcyon deep.

For Charley will sometimes make dinner late,  
And Bella his spouse has no patience to wait.

So when he does come,  
She looks rather glum,  
To a glance from his eye  
Responds with a sigh,

And when with the look of a penitent sinner

He says, kindly, but queer,  
"Fish or soup, ducky dear?"  
She lets fall a big tear,

And faintly says, "Charles I sha'n't take any dinner."  
Charley's "*monkey*" is up, but he keeps temper down,  
And cries, "Bella, why where is your appetite flown?"  
And Bella, with tears from her soft eyes of blue,  
Says, "I lost it, dear, hours ago, waiting for you;

I quite counted on dinner, 'tis a treat to get fish,  
And our new cook has made you your fav'rite dish ;  
And the chicken is young, a regular tit,  
But now I'm so faint, I can't eat a bit."

Charley flares up at this like a new-lighted rocket,  
He hadn't got fish, soup, and chick, in his pocket ;

She's a fool thus to wait—

Keep his hot on a plate,

And then he can have it, early or late.

This is more than enough, out flashes the storm,  
In a truly furious feminine form,

Sobbing and crying,

Talk about dying,

Hysterical sighing,

Whilst hard words are flying,

And when Charley advises that "Bella be mute,"  
Bella answers the thrust with "Charles, you're a brute!"  
Then seizing the lamp, rushes out of the room,  
And Charley sits down to sulk in the gloom.

O fools ! to trifle with their bliss,  
In such a thorny world as this—  
O fools ! to do that love a wrong  
Which, soft as music's sweetest song,  
Is yet than life or death more strong—  
O fools ! that holy love to blight,  
Which shines in sorrow's darkest night,

Shines with a light to guide and bless  
In fiercest toils of storm and stress—  
That love, which both in sun and shade  
Makes ev'ry path an Eden's glade,  
That love which circles with the year—  
That notes and numbers ev'ry tear,  
And lives to cherish and to cheer ;  
That soothes with gentlest hand the brow  
All rugged from misfortune's blow—  
That watches o'er the couch of pain,  
And smiling, welcomes health again ;  
That love, which will all joys prolong,  
Make faintness bold, and weakness strong,  
Knowing no care for sordid pelf,  
And yet forgetting only self ;  
That love, which dies not with the breath,  
But looks across the gulf of death,  
And joyful knows, and feels, that there,  
'Neath brighter skies, 'mid scenes more fair,  
It yet shall breathe diviner air,  
And hence from ev'ry woe and strife,  
Hence from this daily struggle, life,  
Shall bear the sacred name of Wife.

Now, 'tis very well known, that matrimonial storms  
Take all sorts of shapes, and colours, and forms,  
    And Admiral Fitzroy,  
    That knowing old boy,

Might as well, with grave hums,  
Sit and twiddle his thumbs,  
As use gauges and drums,  
Or all his storm signals set up together,  
To indicate coming *connubial* weather ;  
For in those atmospheres  
The wind so oft veers,  
That water-spouts and fierce gushes,  
Wild "cyclones" and "down rushes"  
With disturbance magnetic,  
And quicksilver prophetic,  
Join all at once to kick up a blether ;  
And the storms are as furious,  
As the causes are curious,  
Be they funny or finical,  
Saucy or cynical,  
Envious or jealous,  
Religious or zealous,  
Philosophic, domestic, scientific, or critical ;  
But strangely enough, the cause that bred strife  
Between the Lord Monson and his famous wife,  
Was, on ev'ry occasion, strictly political.

King Charles, 'tis averred,  
On Lord William conferred  
Lands, manors, and titles,  
Fields, crofts and pightles,

With rentals enough to make a man vain ;  
But howe'er that may be, it is certainly plain,  
That he made him Lord William Viscount Castlemaine.

“A prince can make a belted knight,  
    A marquis, duke, and a’ that,  
But an honest man’s aboon his might,  
    Guid faith, he mauna fa’ that.”  
So sang Rob Burns, a king of song,  
    Though peasant only in his status,  
But gifted with a measure strong  
    Of genuine divine afflatus.

And no doubt, when with Charles all things went wrong  
    by turns,  
'Mid treason and dangers, fights, flights and defections,  
Sentiments something like those embodied by Burns,  
Full often pervaded his daily reflections.  
For 'mongst others whose backs fortune kindly had  
    patted,  
Who had basked in court favour, laughed, cheated, and  
    chatted,  
And when danger appeared had shamefully “*ratted*,”  
Lord Monson, whose fortune the king had supplied,  
Now readily left him for Oliver's side,  
And just at the very identical date  
Of the facts I am now about to relate,  
Was sitting, despite all his conscience' sharp nudges,  
As one of the king's political judges.

Now Lady M., as you'll soon see,  
With her husband's politics didn't agree,  
In fact she oft told him, with very good reason,  
That he was a "rat," and was guilty of treason—  
A sneak, who had run away from his set—  
And then she bestowed a choice epithet,  
Which, though as deserved as any I've met,  
Is one you'll remember, I choose to forget ;  
Then followed a somewhat ambiguous threat,  
That if, whatever the motive he might represent,  
To attend the king's trial again he was bent,  
She would certainly find some way to prevent.

And this she was heard,

By that little bird

Which always is present when mischief is stirred,  
'Mongst other queer threat'nings and hard words to utter,  
In a kind of half-whispered, half-murmuring mutter,  
That "if you wish'd for the fun,  
And didn't care when 'twas done,  
There were more ways than one  
Of killing a cat, than choking with butter."

No doubt it is true

She was an old "blue,"

A regular Tory, soul, body, and bones,  
One who hated the "yellows," whether sullen or merry,  
As much as any old Tory now living in Bury,

And if she'd been married to you or to me,  
And we'd left her own cause in the lurch, d'ye see,  
Had promised blue Buxton, with manifold "*bustings*,"  
Then voted for Hardcastle when at the hustings,  
She'd have told us her mind in words and in tones  
That never belong'd to temperate zones,  
And afterwards doubtless, have "raddled our bones."

O sleep ! thou art a gentle thing,  
When, with soft floating darksome wing,  
Thou like a folding cloud com'st down  
On king and peasant, prince and clown,  
And without sense of joy or pain  
Enfoldest soul, and heart, and brain,  
And holdest all, with influence blest,  
In silent, easeful, dreamless rest.

And so, on that night so big with fate,  
When that deed befell I'm about to relate,  
Lord Monson found it, as over his pate  
He drew a long night-cap at half-past eight,  
And into a four-post bed of state  
Jumped like a hunter over a gate,  
And, taking no thought of his sins without number,  
Fell into a regular snoring slumber.

Perhaps I may  
Here venture to say

That he'd had a very fatiguing day,  
Though that's a poor excuse by the way  
    For a man with grey hairs  
    Running upstairs

And going to bed without saying his prayers.  
In addition, I ought without doubt to tell,  
That he'd had a very late supper as well ;  
I don't know at what hour he happened to dine,  
But he drank after supper a bottle of wine ;  
And neither am I able to say  
Whether the wine was sack or tokay ;  
But if he'd now been living in Bury,  
'Twould have been a good bottle of port or sherry  
From Worledge and Cooper, or the Mayors Mr. Clay,  
Or it might have just come from Oliver's store,  
Or from Armstrong and Gould's, which is nearly next  
    door.

By-the-bye, how in Bury wine merchants increase,  
Where there was one in a street, why now there's a  
    lease !

It used to be said 'mongst dealers in pottles,  
" Never put new wine into old bottles."  
If the converse of this proposition be true,  
You shouldn't look for old wine 'mongst merchants  
    who're new.

    Be this as it may  
    I really must say

That some long time ago, at an earlier day,

When obliged 'mid other young folks to be merry,  
I've found, after drinking rich port, not dry sherry,  
That old Bury wine  
Wasn't grape divine,  
But the genuine juice of *Elder Berry*.

But no more to digress, to my tale I must keep—  
I've said Lord William was sound and deep  
In a thoroughly heavy, and snoring sleep ;  
But his wife, Lady M.,  
Having something to hem,  
Or to make in her ev'ry-day-book a long “ mem.”  
'Bout servants' affairs,  
Or housekeeping cares,  
Was sitting up with her maids in a room below stairs.

Now here let me advise  
All husbands who're wise  
Never at night to close their eyes,  
Or lay on connubial pillows their head,  
Till their wives are safely first in bed.  
Never mind the excuse  
You may have to refuse,  
Whether “ In a new dress some lace to insert,  
Sort all the linen, or air a clean shirt,  
To pray with a saint, or a sinner convert,  
To read a new novel, or sweep up the dirt ; ”

All talk of necessity steadily scorning,  
Tell your wife to do all her work in the morning,  
Send the household to bed, see the doors are all fast,  
Turn off the gas, and go to bed last.

Lady Monson, I said,  
Hadn't gone up to bed,  
But taking for aids  
Her three favourite maids,  
Was hard at work in her own little room,  
Making two large rods from a huge birch broom.

Now here I must pause,  
And just in the cause  
Of good manners and morals, make prominent mention  
That this story is none of my own invention,  
And in telling it, I've not the slightest intention  
To publish a theory, establish a precedent,  
Or serve any purpose, good, bad, or indifferent.

The facts all befell  
Just as I'll tell,  
So pray don't accuse  
My straightforward muse  
Of attempting a "plant," or telling a "cracker,"  
As she has historical vouchers to back her.

Well, the rods were made,  
And in order laid,  
Side by side on the table displayed ;

Regular switches, tied tight at the handle,  
Clean and round as a long wax candle :  
Then Lady Monson, like Lady Macbeth,  
Rose slowly, and spoke in an underbreath :

“ One ! two ! then ’tis time to do it—  
No more talking, don’t pooh-pooh it,  
He’s sound asleep as the hills primordial,  
I gave him a dose of ‘ *Godfrey’s Cordial* ; ’  
Besides, at supper he bolted each dish,  
He ate like a tiger, and drank like a fish  
Of rare rich wine both strong and old,  
And ‘ what’s made him drunk has made me bold.’

‘ If done ’twere well done— ’  
‘ Twill be capital fun  
To see the blood run ;  
Our strength we’ll combine,  
Bring the rods and the line ;  
Good luck to our fishing, Capricornus’ our sign—  
We don’t want a light, we’ll feel our way in the gloom,  
So all follow me now, like mice to his room.”

Lord Monson slept, as I said before,  
A good sound sleep with a regular snore ;  
A dim light fell on ceiling and floor ;  
(He was burning that night  
A little rush-light,  
One of the smallest, in a pound there’s a score)  
When some one silently opened his door ;

And with bated breath and cautious tread,  
The four strong women stood round his bed.

In a moment they seized, had him fast in a trice,  
Like a dentist's forceps or blacksmith's vice ;  
Then, spite of his shouts, his cries and alarms,  
In a twinkling they passed the rope under his arms,

Haul'd his shoulders and head,  
To the top of the bed ;  
Then as dangling he hung,  
Or pendant-like swung,  
In less than no time, ten seconds at most,  
They tied his feet fast to the stout bedpost.

Then Lady M., feeling what she called "bolder,"  
(When fighting, she was always her own bottle-holder)  
Roll'd the sleeve of her gown right up to the shoulder ;  
And the tallest maid, Mary Jane was her name,  
At her mistress's bidding, did just the same,  
And each taking a rod, without stopping or shrinking,  
In a moment laid on to Lord Monson "like winking."

He foamed and he tore,  
Jumped, struggled, and swore,  
In fact he said more,  
In a horrible roar,  
Than I could tell to the audience I now stand before ;  
And no wonder either, he was getting quite sore ;

He hadn't been hunting, but was " come out in pink,"  
Poor Lord Will was a Bill endorsed in red ink,  
And a Bill, too, " dishonoured," most people will think ;  
But his wife didn't seem in the least degree spent,  
And the thicker her blows fell, the faster her tongue went,—

" You sneaking old cat,  
Take that, and that ;  
I'll give it you pat,  
I'll teach you to rat,

I'll beat you, till you're as black as my hat !

Who made you a Lord but the gallant King Charles ?  
And now you are thick with the roundheaded carles,

And that son of a sewer,  
The Huntingdon Brewer ;

And a judge of commission you've just been appointed,  
To lay violent hands on the Lord's own anointed !

Do you dare go again  
'Mongst those horrid men,

And I'll have you racked, hocussed, boiled, fried, and  
jointed ;

Don't say you don't care,  
I'll lay your bones bare.

Hit him harder still, Mary, you begin to be shy at it ;  
Lay your rod down and let another one try at it.

We'll teach him to lurch  
From his king and his church,

And we'll lay on till his back and his shoulders are gory,  
If he don't give in at once and say he's a Tory."

Well, now my queer story is pretty well done,  
Like Lord Byron, "I 'most wish I'd never begun,"  
For my characters stand in such rich confusion  
That I can't see my way to a telling conclusion ;  
And yet the dilemma is one of "sensation,"  
A thing that is popular now in the nation ;  
And if Spanton could photograph neatly and nice  
The position, 'twould make him quite rich in a trice—

So I'll shortly adhere,  
Without hope or fear,

To my tale as laid down in History's page,  
And if with such reading you may wish to engage,  
You'll find all the facts unvarnished and plain,  
Without moral reflections, or commenting vain,  
Without word of reproof, or fine special pleadings,  
In your own "Suffolk Archaeologic Proceedings" :  
How that Lord Monson gave in at the end,  
And promised with unction his ways to amend ;  
Didn't go the next day the king to condemn,  
But sat cozy at home in his armchair—ahem !  
I said he sat cozy, which means easy and free,  
Which wasn't exactly the case, d'ye see ?  
And considering the facts, couldn't easily be,  
For facts fundamental with ease didn't agree.  
Here I'll stop, for facts and ideas are so blended,  
That least said on this head will soonest be mended.

So Lord Monson gave in with a very bad grace,  
Lord Monson gave in, in a rather queer case ;

And no wonder either, he'd "swallowed some stick,"  
And no doubt of connubial squabbles was sick ;  
His back felt like one continuous suture,  
He was jolly well sure of a henpecking future ;  
His fate was quite fixed, and the last die was cast,  
He accepted his lot, and he gave in at last.

And oft it would be well with us,  
Amid our little strifes and fuss,  
If, when our angry broils begin,  
Instead of fighting still to win,  
We could with better grace give in :  
Some friendships then would never break,  
Some hearts would scarcely know an ache,  
Old factious terms would never wake,  
Old hates new forms would never take ;  
But lasting friendship's kindly tether  
Would bind us closer still together,  
And charity's diviner glow  
Would lighten, brighten, all below.  
Oh ! try it, brothers, try it now,  
'Twill soonest smooth the angry brow ;  
Ne'er mind the fool's satanic grin ;  
Think not that honour needs must win ;  
If when the bitter broils begin,  
You can, without disgrace or sin,  
Refrain, forbear, give in—give in.

## MORAL.

Well, now for my moral, that's the last rub—  
Tales always have morals, whether tales of a tub,  
Tales social, religious, geologic, triassic,  
Or ghostly, poetic, dramatic, or classic,  
So I don't mean my tale in this sense should miscarry,

But following the law,

My moral I'll draw,

And address it to young men, just going to marry.  
When with pockets in cash, and on furnishing bent,  
You walk out with the lov'd one with special intent  
To rummage the stores, and inspect ev'ry bale,  
Of Pendred or Pettit, of Bullen or Sale;

Or wishing to fish

Some choice china dish,

Some statue, or picture, or ware called majolica,  
From the stores of Geo. Fenton, or Samuel Walliker ;  
When you're buying a bedstead—buy an Arabian,  
Or a Chinese, a Spanish, a French, or a Suabian,  
Buy a truckle, a shake-down, a stand-on-one-end,  
A “gilt-iron spring with swivel-joint-bend,”  
Buy a hammock, a cot, a “north or south-coaster,”  
But, rememb'ring Lord Monson, DON'T BUY A FOUR-  
POSTER.

### *THE HAREBELL.*

THERE is a little flower that blooms  
By ev'ry bank and dell ;  
A slender stalk supports its head—  
The sweet blue heather-bell.\*

And not the softest breath of spring,  
Nor summer sound can pass,  
But shakes this little trembling bell  
Above the still green grass.

And sometimes, when no sound is heard,  
No breath is felt to blow,  
This little flower will rise and fall,  
And vibrate to and fro.

---

\* The heather- or harebell, which adorns all our lanes and banks in autumn with its graceful cup, is so delicately hung that it vibrates to the faintest breeze ; and even when no wind is perceptible to the senses, is seen to waver and tremble, as if touched or pressed by the passing footstep of some unseen being.

Who bends unseen this slender stalk ?  
Who rings unheard this bell ?  
Some dwarf or sprite of olden faith,  
The fairy of the dell ?

Or is it one of that bright band  
Which stands before God's face,  
To speed the errands of their King  
From world to world in space ?

If so, the step that bends this flower  
Could crush the knotted oak ;  
With foot of fire could melt the hills,  
And make the mountains smoke.

*THE WILD FORGET-ME-NOT.*

“FORGET-ME-NOT, forget-me-not,”  
Each heart to heart is ever crying,  
When sadly leaving some loved spot,  
Or when the lamp of life is dying.

Ah ! would we have, when far away,  
Sweet thoughts of us our loved ones nourish ;  
And when our bodies rest in clay,  
Our mem’ries as the wild-flowers flourish ;

Then should we, like this modest flower,  
Most sweetly bloom in lowly places,  
And bring at once, with innate power,  
A happy gleam to humble faces.

See, where rank grass and weeds arise,  
These azure blossoms most abound ;  
One caught its bright hue from the skies,  
Then dash’d the colour all around.

So where the weeds of error grow,  
Be ours to scatter purer flowers ;  
Then airs of heaven shall softly blow,  
And waft increase, with smiles and showers.

*AUTUMN.*

"SEE the leaves around us falling!"

Let them fall, the fruit is ripe;  
 They to my clear eyes are calling  
 No sad tears for hope to wipe.

Bud and blossom, springtime's beauty,  
 Summer's glories,—all are gone;  
 Falling leaves now tell of duty  
 Well performed, and work well done.

'Tis no season for repining,  
 'Tis a time the heart to cheer;  
 Should we now, in days declining,  
 Mourn the harvest of the year?

Or, with sighs and wailing sadness,  
 Weep for faded joys of youth,  
 Whilst we can with humble gladness  
 Point to deeds of love and truth?

Faith in winter, Hope in spring,  
Both in summer lead along ;  
And 'mid autumn's glades we sing  
Full Fruition's grateful song.

*FAREWELL TO WALES.*

FAREWELL to thee ! land of the breeze and the mountain,  
 Amid thy green valleys no more may I stray ;  
 No more climb the hillside, nor rest by the fountain  
 That gleams on its brow in the bright smile of day.

Farewell to thee ! land of clear bright laughing waters,  
 Sweet babbling their music by every stone ;  
 So bright and so pure are the eyes of thy daughters,  
 So sweet are the notes of their voices' soft tone.

Farewell to thee ! land where the free and the fearless  
 'Gainst hosts of the tyrant's have battled alone ;  
 May freedom's blest smile, shining happy and tearless,  
 Still light thy green valleys and grand mountain-throne.

Farewell to thee ! land where the minstrel has sounded  
 High strains that thrill'd through the great souls of the  
 brave,  
 And hearts to his war-song like torrents have bounded  
 As freely adown the red slope to the grave.

Oh ! wake once again, mighty harp of old story,  
And pour in high frenzy thy wild notes along ;  
Arise once again, ye great bards, in your glory,  
And crown your loved land with the splendours of song.

Where, 'neath the bold brow of the high-tow'ring beacon,  
The waters of Uske in the changing lights gleam,  
The genius of song has begun to awaken,  
A ray of his glory just falls on the stream.

Oh ! let the notes gather, lift high their wild strain,  
Strike louder the harp of your fathers with power,  
And Cambria's glad sons from each valley and mountain  
Shall hail with high welcome the joy of that hour.

*ADDRESS TO THE SEA.*

FROM out thy waves at morn, his glorious head  
The sun uplifts ; and when his course is sped,  
Makes on thy glowing breast his golden bed,  
    O earth-encircling sea !

Thy waters break in foam round rock-bound lands,  
Or laughing, in bright limpid happy bands  
Of gentle waves, dance over yellow sands,  
    O wide and varied sea !

Thou wrapp'st thyself in tempest and in gloom ;  
Wild howlings issue from thy night-black womb,  
That lifts a mountain, or wide yawns a tomb,  
    O dark and dreadful sea !

Thou tak'st the mighty winds on to thy breast ;  
They sweep across and break thy stillest rest,  
And wake the huge wave with the foamy crest,  
    O wild and tossing sea !

With perfume wing'd, soft zephyrs take their flight  
Across thine azure bosom pure and bright,  
And fan thee to a dreamy calm delight,  
O happy, happy sea !

Lull'd like an infant on its mother's breast,  
Thy placid waters gently heave and rest,  
Around thy smiling shores and islands blest,  
O mild and lovely sea !

Long-look'd-for blessings float upon thy tide ;  
Thou bring'st the wand'rer to his mother's side,  
The longing husband to his lonely bride,  
O heart-restoring sea !

The good ship glides upon thy calm green waves ;  
The sun sets red ; a wild tornado raves ;  
The ship lies deep amid thy coral caves,  
O smiling, treach'rous sea !

The fisher-girl, her sailor-love to greet,  
With eager eye thy dim expanse will meet ;  
Thy waves cast up his white corse at her feet,  
O cruel, cruel sea !

Beneath the cliff that rises huge and hoar,  
Thy vexèd waters ever seethe and roar,  
And beat with hollow sound the rigid shore,  
O drear and changeless sea !

What is it that thou speak'st in ev'ry wave,  
If wild thy waters roll or gently lave,  
Sigh in soft murmurs or in black storms rave,  
O Poet, Prophet sea ?

Teach me thy dark and mighty songs to sing,  
Loudly in ev'ry ear thy voice to ring,  
And home to ev'ry heart thy power to bring,  
O everlasting sea !

*WINTER : A PICTURE.*

OLD Frost is come out of his murky lair,  
The icicles clank in his frozen hair ;  
He stretches o'er earth his long wither'd hands,  
And meadow and field lie in iron bands.

The leafless old boughs are no longer bare,  
They bend 'neath bright loads of rich treasure rare ;  
Like silver they gleam 'gainst the sky's cold blue,  
Which calmly bends o'er with its changeless hue.

The river that rippled beneath the trees,  
As sail'd the dead leaf on the wintry breeze,  
Now lies, in the gleam of the day's pure light,  
Asleep like a giant in armour bright.

The huge old grey stone is a silver block,  
The green mossy bank a hard crystal rock,  
The bramble's brown leaf is a diamond spray,  
The grass gleams like spears on a battle-day.

The brook that fell down the side of the hill  
Is murmur'ring no more, but is dead and still,  
And o'er its steep path each dark ledge of grass  
Down droops with bright pillars of shining glass.

The cottage is roof'd with long hoary hair,  
The smoke thinly curls in the cold clear air ;  
And morn, when it breaks like an opal pale,  
Sees breathed on each window a fairy tale.

A cloud now arises, sullen winds blow,  
Then fall the fast flakes of the feathery snow ;  
A low sound is moaning, as fails the daylight,  
And morn views earth clad in a mantle white.

It covers the plain and rests on the hill,  
And hides the hard bed of the frozen rill ;  
No more the stream shines in its armour bright,  
But lies like a corpse in its shroud of white.

The trees are all loaded, the hedge bowed down,  
And roof'd with pure white is the distant town ;  
And diamond-paned windows of church and of tower  
Are blended with drifts of the silent shower.

Field, streamlet, wide plain, and far-distant height,  
Are hid 'neath this mantle of stainless white ;  
The sun never gleams, the winds lie at rest,  
And winter reigns lone on the earth's pale breast.

*RIVER-SIDE MUSINGS.*

QUIET eve succeeds the day,  
Breathing zephyrs gently play,  
Rippling o'er thy waters grey,  
    Sluggish little stream.

Gently, gently, onward glide,  
Slowly, slowly, moves thy tide ;  
Saunt'ring by thy verdant side,  
    Pleasantly I dream.

Amazon may roll his floods,  
Surging past primæval woods,  
Chafing into angry moods  
    Ocean's mighty tide.

Better than that warring scene,  
Do I love thy placid mien ;  
Willows grey and meadows green,  
    Stretching by thy side.

Not a single simple sound  
Floats along the blue profound ;  
In the air and on the ground,  
    Silence has begun

O'er all to reign. No, this way  
Booms a beetle's drowsy lay ;  
Dreamily it dies away  
    Towards the setting sun.

Placid stream ! In childhood's day,  
Dashing 'mid thy waves to play,  
Joyously I led the way,  
    Foremost in the rank.

Or to hunt the water-hen,  
Braved the black mire of thy fen ;  
Grasp'd the prey, then home again,  
    Shouting 'long thy bank.

Gentle, quiet little stream,  
By thy side I first did dream  
Of that universal theme,  
    Ardent youthful love.

Musing here began to ope  
On my spirit rays of hope,  
Stern resolve with ill to cope,  
    And to prize, above

Sordid pelf and tinsel'd toys,  
Pleasure's light and anxious joys,  
Virtue's calm and equal poise  
To the ills of life.

Little stream, thou art to me,  
Friend and brother, nor can be,  
In our close fraternity,  
Any cause of strife.

Though thou art so still and small,  
Few thee by thy name can call ;  
Yet at last thy waters fall  
Into the wide sea.

So my name to few is known,  
And my life is gliding down,  
To that boundless vast unknown  
Gulf—Eternity.

*SNOWDON.*

I STOOD among the crags of Snowdon's crest,  
And thick mist foldings hid the world, as death  
Hides life that is to be ; no living breath  
But mine was on that mountain's stony breast.  
One cliff alone was left of earth, the rest  
Submerged beneath that vast fog-ocean lay :  
But soon a light, transfused like breaking day,  
Began the nearest hillside to divest  
Of its thick shroud, that rifted silently.  
The white cloud parted, and I saw green hills,  
Glad valleys, lakes, clear heights, and toppling rills,  
And far beyond the sunlit glistening sea.  
Oh, could I rend these earthly bars, and stand  
One moment thus agaze at Spirit Land !

*A SPRING MORNING.*

HARDWICK HEATH, MAY, 1859.

MORN blushes in the orient sky,  
Like shower'd gems the dewdrops lie,  
The larks in ether-fields on high  
          Their anthems sing,  
And with each songster's joyous cry  
          The copses ring.

Like veiled brides on either hand,  
White-robed, a radiant perfumed band,  
The blossom'd thorns exulting stand,  
          And, 'mid the trees,  
Scatter their sweetness through the land  
          On every breeze.

The graceful lady-birch is seen,  
Like maiden clad in misty green,

And drooping with a pensive mien,  
Where, rich and rare,  
The gorse in robes of golden sheen  
Admires the fair.

The silken beech in tow'ring pride  
Upshoots, the scented May beside,  
And wreathes his arms around his bride  
And breathes her breath :  
She, like a true wife, will abide  
His love till death.

In scenes like these sweet Peace must dwell,  
And Love his fondest raptures tell,  
And Memory store her wondrous cell  
With sounds and sights,  
To cheer when storms of winter fell  
Rave through the nights.

Yet even now, where mountains rear  
Their mighty heads, to guard from fear  
Of northern winter's tempest drear  
A favour'd land,  
Does war with sanguine murder smear  
The warrior's hand.

And here, before the summer's glow  
Has left this place, war's rage may flow,

And dying groans these groves may know,  
    And nameless wrong  
May teach that welcom'd death is slow  
    And loathed life long.

Forbid it, Heaven ! Oh, men, to arms !  
Better a life of fierce alarms,  
A furious fray and deadly harms,  
    A bloody grave,  
Than life bereft of all life's charms,  
    A despot's slave.

It cannot be. Our hope in fight  
Shall be the patriot's arm of might,  
Raised in the sacred cause of right  
    On his own sod ;  
Our tower of strength in every plight,  
    The patriot's God.

*HARDWICK HEATH.*

AUTUMN EVENING, SUNDAY, 1859.

CALM peace and holy stillness reign around,  
Like massive towers the giant trees uprise,  
The withered leaf falls silent to the ground,  
No sound in earth or skies.

Still is yon avenue of noble trees,  
Along its solemn aisle no music floats,  
Nor notes of birds, nor merry hum of bees ;  
There, myriad joyful throats

In spring and summer voiced their tuneful themes,  
From "jocund morn" until the placid even ;  
Now, opening on the western sky it seems,  
A still bright gate of heaven.

The dark'ning cedars seem to stretch and yearn,  
With their long arms, into the voiceless air ;  
Silent the mighty elms you may discern—  
Silent, but yet in prayer.

Over the still pool lean the drooping boughs,  
No stir upon the leaf nor placid wave ;  
No saunt'ring lovers whisper tender vows—  
"Tis silence of the grave.

There is no note of insect in the grass,  
No cheerful chirrup and no faint-borne hum,  
No sound of rustics greeting as they pass,  
Nor steps that slowly come.

A perfect hush in Nature ! Can it be  
There is no voice for praise this sabbath eve ?  
Ah, yes, it comes ; soft from the western sea  
The gentle breezes weave

Their airy dances through each stately tree,  
And from yon rustling copse the robin's note  
Thrills a pure song, that rises clear and free  
From out a willing throat.

O still small voice ! O melody divine !  
From temple, city street, or rustic sod,  
Has any praise this day as pure as thine  
Gone up from man to God ?

When in the spring I saw the flow'ry May  
Spread her gay mantle all these groves around,  
I thought, that ere some golden autumn day  
These leaves had strewn the ground,

War with her sanguine footsteps here might tread,  
And this green turf by bloody deaths be prest ;  
But now, in perfect peace, I see instead  
This robin's ruddy breast.

Not war is here, with fiery blasting breath,  
But this sweet bird, which, when the Saviour died,  
As legends tell, did mourn His cruel death,  
And flutter 'gainst His side,

And on its gentle breast the sacred sign  
Did bear away for ever. Lo, I hail  
With joy this token of that deed divine,  
Of love that cannot fail.

Fled is that threat'ning war-cloud's lurid night,  
Sunk as the red sun sunk beneath the west,  
Just ere this silver moon with purer light  
Crown'd yon tree's tow'ring crest.

So let, O God, upon our sacred isle,  
The light of peace arise and fill the land,  
That we may safely rest beneath Thy smile,  
Still guarded by Thy hand.

And as this cloudless, shining, crescent moon,  
That fills with light these dewdrops on the lawn,  
Is surely waxing to its perfect noon,  
So let that great day dawn,

When "knowledge of the Lord," now but a rill,  
Shall burst its bounds and o'er earth's surface sweep,  
As ocean's mighty rolling waters fill  
The channels of the deep.

Meanwhile we wait, our armour girded on,  
Not faint but fearless, not with pride elate ;  
Nor ours the impatient look and frenzied tone—  
In hope and trust we wait.

*THE ADVENT OF SUMMER*

THEY are robing, they are robing,  
By the shining river's brim ;  
They are robing, they are robing,  
In wild forests far and dim :  
On valley, plain, and mountain,  
By stream and lake and fountain  
They are robing, they are robing,  
On flow'ry bank and rim.  
For by the swallows' winging,  
And by the wild birds' singing,  
They know that summer's hour  
Draweth nigh with pomp and power ;  
And in haste, by field and bower,  
They are robing, they are robing,  
In glad haste to welcome him.

They are robing, they are robing,  
In green, airy, misty fold ;  
They are robing, they are robing,  
In rich purple and in gold :

Where the lilac's hue is showing,  
By laburnum's yellow glowing,  
They are robing, they are robing,  
And their glories are unroll'd.  
For the birch in gauzy wreathing,  
And the beech in silken sheathing,  
The huge oak tree spreading wide,  
And the chestnut in his pride,  
And the tall elms, side by side,  
Have been robing, have been robing,  
As the summer days unfold.

They are robing, they are robing,  
In a soft and tender sheen ;  
They are robing, they are robing,  
In a bright and living green :  
Where the meadow's breast is fretted,  
Burnish'd gold and silver netted,  
Swiftly robing, swiftly robing,  
Gladly robing, they are seen.  
For they know, by cloud and sky,  
That proud summer draweth nigh,  
And to deck each glorious hour,  
And to share his pomp and power,  
In deep forest, plain, and bower,  
They are robing, they are robing,  
All in gold and gleaming green.

*A THOUGHT BY THE SEA.*

OFT 'twas a thought of boyhood's hours  
That I would win a hero's name,  
And stand, 'mid potentates and pow'rs,  
Crown'd with the laurel wreath of fame,  
The mighty lord of some rich land  
Won by the strength of heart and hand.

Then fancy shaped a scene of charms  
More glorious than the sunset's gleam,  
And Love stretch'd out his youthful arms  
To people all that radiant dream ;  
Brother and friend I welcomed there,  
In that dreamland of beauty rare.

One form I saw of perfect mould—  
A light shone from her radiant brow,  
Like ebon night her hair's rich fold,  
Like fleecy clouds her robe of snow ;  
Where all were fair, the fairest she  
Who shared that fairy throne with me.

Far on the dim horizon now,  
And wrapt in many a misty fold,  
I view that vision, fading low,  
Just touch'd with mem'ry's tints of gold ;  
Its purple cloud of glory fled,  
Its shapes of beauty cold and dead.

Standing alone, midway in life,  
I read the record of my years ;  
A scroll where sorrow, wrought with strife,  
Mingles with joy, bedimm'd by tears :  
The weeds on this lone beach that lie,  
Scarcely more worn and toss'd than I.

Shade after shade falls on the deep ;  
Night lies on ocean's heaving breast,  
Like murmurs from his misty sleep,  
The wavelets break and fall to rest :  
So on my life dark shadows lie—  
Frail as a breaking wave am I.

Still deep and deeper on the wave  
The thick'ning black night brooding lies ;  
Sad Nature sinks into her grave,  
Nor light, nor hope, in earth or skies.  
What am I on this midnight strand ?  
Less than a pebble on the sand.

Can this be true ? is this the end  
    Of all life's struggles, hopes, and fears ?  
For this did grief's dark terrors rend,  
    And joy shine o'er a sea of tears ?  
To sink like water in the sand,  
Or fade like foam-flake on the strand ?

Oh for some light to fleck the dark !  
    Some glimpse of that which is to be !  
Some wings of power, some Heaven-sent ark,  
    To bear me o'er this darksome sea !  
'Tis vain : "No hope for evermore !"   
So sobs the sad wave 'long the shore.

No light ! O craven, abject soul !  
    No hope ! O self-deceiving heart !  
Look up ; away the black clouds roll,  
    The thick'ning shades are rent apart ;  
And through the boundless arch of night  
The moon begins her march of light.

Look up, look up ! the gulfs of night,  
    Unnumber'd, pierce the awful sky,  
Where myriad suns and planets bright  
    Orb in eternal paths on high.  
Oh, less than pebble, weed, or foam,  
Look up, and view thy promised home.

Oh, ne'er did dream of early days  
Flash on thy young entrancèd eyes  
Such homes of bliss, such shining ways,  
As gleam in yonder starry skies.  
Undying soul, immortal heir,  
Behold thy home, thy kingdom, there.

There, where unfading splendours shine,  
That early loved one shalt thou meet ;  
The light upon her head divine,  
The spotless robe around her feet.  
There learn the truths that crown the whole,  
Eternal love, immortal soul.

*WINTER.*

IN winter's grasp dead Nature lies,  
Her winding-sheet a robe of snow,  
An icy circlet on her brow,  
Whose glitter mocks her darken'd eyes.

No more we hear her joyous cries,  
At dawning day on purple hill ;  
Hush'd is her babble by the rill,  
And still her latest, faintest sighs.

No changing look, no faltering tone,  
No single sign or sound she gives ;  
No token that she faintly lives ;  
Not e'en a sob or broken groan.

Dead heart within this frozen breast,  
Ice-bound by sorrow's lasting thrall ;  
Cold thou as Nature 'neath her pall,  
But not like Nature thou, at rest.

Hopeless, long since, that aught could save,  
Thou died'st with all thy joys and fears ;  
Yet *now* thou feelest mem'ry's tears  
Are falling on thy moulder'd grave.

*BEAUTY.*

THERE is a witch who lures my soul  
(Not ghastly, like the witch of Endor),  
For 'twas her wondrous beauty stole  
    My heart. O God, be my Defender !  
Or, without power or wish to rise,  
I fall beneath her violet eyes.

Fain would I meet the morn with song,  
And let night's wings with prayers be laden,  
Or my rapt soul would join the throng  
    Of angels at the gates of Aiden,  
Did not this witch with lustrous eyes  
Still lure me from those holy skies.

And when I seek the forest cell,  
And, 'mid dark glens and coverts lonely,  
Strive all wild passion's powers to quell,  
    And live my life in spirit only,—  
Light-robed, she trips across the shades,  
Her sweet laugh ringing through the glades.

## *LEAVING ENGLAND FOR SEBASTOPOL.*

WRITTEN DURING THE RUSSIAN WAR.

THE good ship quivers on the wave's huge heave,  
Like a slim willow in a giant's hand ;  
And faster than the scudding clouds, we leave,  
Our native land.

But now my little sisters round me cried,  
Still thrills my father's blessing in my ear,  
And on my burning cheek is scarcely dried  
My mother's tear.

My heart's best treasures fade on yon dim shore ;  
Hope, only to this hour, one joy can lend.  
We'll meet again ! Perchance we meet no more  
Till time shall end.

One half-hour since, between us was a span,  
That widen'd as the last bell ceased its chime ;  
And now, no narrower passage parts us than  
The gulf of time ?

---

Away forebodings, and away false fears—  
We go to smite our country's deadly foe ;  
Perish faint-hearted thoughts and foolish tears—  
With joy we go.

We go, on old Oppression's strongest tower  
To plant the waving standards of the free,  
And rouse the nations with thy name of power,  
O Liberty !

We go, dear country, to uphold thy fame,  
And on thy glorious blazon'd battle-roll,  
To write in redder lines one other name—  
Sebastopol !

*MIDNIGHT.*

ALONE, alone, at midnight's hour,  
That mystic time of magic power,  
On this bold crag I stand so high,  
That naught can claim my trancèd eye,  
But gulfs of space and spangled sky.

Sweet Hesperus has sunk to rest,  
Soft pillow'd on her lover's breast ;  
Orion on his giant throne  
Sublimely gleams, but not alone ;  
For from his orb, with splendours bright,  
Darting his rays of colour'd light,  
Now white, now red, then pale and green,  
Now mingling all in lustrous sheen,  
Speeding through space his mystic power,  
Weird Sirius rules the midnight hour.

His call the spirit-worlds obey—  
Angel and sylphid, sprite and fay ;

From forest, fountain, rock, and dell,  
From tiny dew-dash'd flow'ret's bell,  
From moor and mountain, near and far,  
From planet, comet, sun, and star,  
Bright myriads cleave the silent night,  
And cluster round his orb of light.

Up, through the starry gulfs on high,  
Uncounted worlds bestrew the sky,  
And glorious forms with wings of light,  
From orb to orb, their shining flight  
In lustre speed ; some bright and strong,  
On their lone errands glide along,  
Unchecked, resistless, and alone,  
High heralds from the Great White Throne ;  
Some gather into gleaming bands,  
Countless as grains of glitt'ring sands,  
And weave, as intricate they fly,  
A fiery network in the sky.

And all are blest ; no sadden'd mien  
Bedims the radiance of the scene.  
All shapes of loveliness are there—  
The grand, the solemn, glad, and fair ;  
All hues of beauty, forms of grace,  
The tender eye, the shining face,  
Countless, sublime, they glance and gleam,  
An endless, radiant, rolling stream ;

In shining waves, meand'ring round  
The gulfs that pierce the vast profound.

These scenes to grosser mental ken  
Shall be unveil'd ; ah, when ? ah, when ?

*WAKING.*

WHAT is this that tears my soul,  
Scathes like touch of burning coal,  
Wakes me like the thunder's roll?

Ever, with a piercing smart,  
Quicker beats my troubled heart,  
Till the scalding tear-drops start.

'Tis my spirit, ranging round  
This clay mansion's narrow bound,  
Finding neither voice nor sound.

Fain it would in numbers tell  
All the mighty thoughts that dwell,  
Silent, in its wondrous cell ;

All the faintly whisper'd things  
Which the lone night's shadow brings—  
Sister spirits' communings ;

All the noonday visions fair  
Floating in the summer air,  
Which the cloud-built castles bear ;

Every passion hearts can know,  
Heights of joy and depths of woe,  
Far as inner sight can go.

Lord, my eager, fierce desire  
Is to wake the poet's lyre,  
Ranging chords with touch of fire.

Then my soul with joyous spring,  
Sweeping o'er the trembling string,  
Loudest would Thy glories sing.

*ASPIRATIONS.*

STANDING by the river's side,  
Watching shallow waters glide,  
Gleaming, crystal, golden, dun,  
Flashing to the setting sun,  
Winding slow by glist'ning ways  
Far into the distant haze,—  
Fain my longing soul would glide  
Down that smooth and glancing tide,  
E'en beyond the purple west,  
Where the clouds of evening rest ;  
Deep into that tranquil sky  
Where the rose-wing'd angels fly ;  
Out beyond the bounds of night,  
Soaring in eternal light.

Gazing on the silent sky  
When the midnight hour is nigh,  
Straining utmost sight to scan  
Limit to the wondrous plan,

Watching stars and systems roll,  
Filling heaven from pole to pole,  
Keeping still their stately march  
Ever round the boundless arch,—  
Something in my bosom cries,  
“Tempt the flight to yonder skies ;  
Brook not here a longer stay,  
Grov’ling in this house of clay ;  
Upward take thy rapid flight,  
Through the blue dome’s archèd height,  
’Mid those cluster’d worlds of light.”

List’ning music’s mazy sound  
Stealing from “far coverts round,”  
When each summer note is still,  
And on distant misty hill  
Stands the moon with shining feet,  
Just where earth and heaven meet ;  
Speech is hush’d, and not the ear  
Seems that mystic strain to hear;  
But within the bosom deep,  
Waking from long years of sleep,  
Spirits answer to the strain,  
Follow over hill and plain,  
Ev’ry faint and winding note,  
Nearer now, then more remote ;  
Scale with them the bended sky,  
‘Trembling with their ecstasy;

Feel their anguish and their fire,  
Fall with them, with them expire.

Longings, sighings, unexprest,  
Tenants of my teeming breast ;  
Vague and dreamy, fond desires,  
Rising, when the soul aspires  
This frail tenement to rend,  
And with sister souls to blend :  
Never, never from me part,  
Never leave my yearning heart,  
Till from hence my spirit flies,  
And in yonder steadfast skies,  
'Mid the light of angels' eyes,  
Rises, crown'd and bless'd and free,  
Robed with immortality.

*UPON AN ETRUSCAN TOMB IN THE  
HALL OF HARDWICK HOUSE.*

OLD tomb, two thousand years have fled  
Since mourner's tears were on thee shed,  
And first 'neath thee the mighty dead  
                In silence lay ;  
How oft since then the stars have kept  
Their watch o'er thee, and dews have wept,  
Whilst silver moonbeams on thee slept  
                With placid ray !

Thou bring'st a voice from out those years—  
A voice that speaks to human ears  
Of tender love and trembling fears ;  
                E'en now 'tis here,  
By thee borne o'er that gulf of time ;  
From distant land and sunny clime,  
It comes, a murmur'ring, solemn chime,  
                Low, sweet, and clear.

Graved on thy stone, a victim, low  
Bending before an angry foe,  
Meekly awaits the fatal blow

From vengeful hand ;

But ere the blade his life can harm,  
A woman, graced with beauty's charm,  
Arrests the savage warrior's arm

With mercy's hand.

Ah, yes, two thousand years ago  
Life's stream was shaded in its flow  
By giant growths of sin and woe ;

And woman's love

Could then, as well as now, I deem,  
Part the dark boughs that block'd the stream,  
And let the light of heaven gleam

Clear from above.

O ancient stone ! thy tale is old  
As that deep sleep whose sable fold  
Bound Adam in its torpid hold,

When, as he lay,

Our God from out His creature's side  
Moulded a fairer for his bride  
With him in grief and joy to 'bide,

Till life's last day.

For then began the powers of life,  
With wild and sweet emotions rife  
(Strong love, not free from sense of strife  
                And wiles of art),  
To pulse for time's successive years,  
Through that great fount of hopes and fears,  
Of mercy's deeds and pity's tears,  
                A woman's heart.

O timeworn tomb ! thy tale is new—  
New as the freshly falling dew,  
Or yon sweet bud this morn that grew  
                A perfect flower ;  
New as the babe that smiling lies  
Upon the heart whose agonies  
Gave him the light within his eyes,  
                This very hour.

Yes, from the cradle to the grave,  
To cherish, comfort, help, and save ;  
With smiles to cheer, or tears to lave  
                Dull sorrow's smart ;  
On life's bare path fair flowers to throw ;  
To gild the leaden front of woe,  
And light with hope Death's pallid brow,  
                Is woman's part.

O flower ! whose fruit shall gleam in skies  
Where tears are wiped from weeping eyes,  
Where anger's arrow never flies,

Nor pain's keen dart ;

O mighty power ! O gentle dove !  
Sweet spirit gliding from above !  
Bright fountain fill'd with God's own love !

O woman's heart !

*DUTY.*

DEEM not that all paths of Duty  
Find at last that palace fair,  
Where enthroned sit Wealth and Beauty,  
Purple-robed, with golden hair.

Not in *all* the homes of sorrow,  
Will Joy soon delight to dwell ;  
Brighter suns may not to-morrow  
Long-prevailing clouds dispel.

Hope not that applauding faces  
Wait to bless each honest deed ;  
Honour's robes and courtly places  
Are not always Virtue's meed.

Think not ever silken Pleasure  
Will reward the wise and good ;  
Toil not always ends in leisure,  
Though the brow sweat drops of blood.

Love the good for its own beauty ;  
Fight with evil, crush it down ;  
Be thy guardian angel Duty—  
Thine shall be the victor's crown.

Follow Duty ; she may guide you  
Far from comfort's pleasant bound ;  
Shadows dark as night may hide you,  
Grisly spectres gibber round.

“ Through the day, across the morrow,”  
Life may show no help to save,  
Till thy dark-robed sister Sorrow  
Ope the portals of the grave.

Then, on that grim gateway flashing,  
Light from God shall round thee shine ;  
Haggard eye and forehead dashing  
With a glory all divine.

And that radiance ever growing,  
Gleaming through the heavens afar,  
Shall make thee in beauty glowing,  
As the sons of glory are.

*OUTSIDE PARADISE.*

IN dreams I join an angel band ;  
Swift as the light we cleave the air ;  
We reach a shining heavenly land,  
And, like a spirit nurtured there,  
I wander in its fragrant bowers,  
I breathe the incense of its flowers,  
I sit by flowing crystal streams,  
That flash in light's undying beams,  
Or, wrapt in ecstasy, I stand  
Upon the far-stretch'd gleaming strand,  
And list the echoes of the eternal hymn,  
Chanted before the throne by seraphim ;  
While, with its countless, cluster'd, starry isles,  
Space, like a sunlit ocean, hears and smiles.

I wake and find earth keeps me still,  
Still round me cares and woes abide ;  
The eternal streams, the heavenly hill,  
No longer mine—I am outside ;

A wayworn wanderer I roam,  
Outside my rest, outside my home.  
The craggy track, the flinty road,  
The crumbling, clay-built, poor abode,  
Or prison chains that round me twine,  
Their weight and pain are mine, are mine,  
Instead of that bright land of fadeless bliss,  
Where joy and peace with one eternal kiss,  
Undimm'd by care, untouch'd by earthly ills,  
Brood o'er the placid vales and happy hills.

Was that land mine? Did there my soul,  
Once in that pure, ethereal air,  
Its heavenly accents upward roll  
In harmonies of song and prayer,  
Glide through its fields of light divine,  
Its wreaths of amaranth entwine?  
If not, why now, when spring returns,  
And living nature glows and burns  
(Thrills the faint heart with violets' blue,  
Or glads it with the kingcups' hue),  
Why now will Mem'ry in her misty cell,  
Of brighter scenes than these my spirit tell?  
Why make my soul less willing here to bide?  
Why tell her strongly *now*, she is outside?

*YOUTH AND AGE.*

DEAR wife, if, when the dusk is come,  
And quiet rules the darkling street,  
And winds from new-mown meadows round,  
Waft through the town their odours sweet ;

Should I, as I did years ago,  
Seek with swift step your dear old home,  
And find you at the garden door,  
And take your hand and with you roam

Beneath the broad-leaf'd hazel boughs,  
Where ling'ring dwelt the breath of flowers  
That, raised and tended by your care,  
Made Eden of your garden bowers ;

And from the heart of that lone shade,  
So deep and cool, so dark and still,  
The nightingale with pulsing song  
The silent breast of night should fill ;

Should I, as I did years ago  
(Your little hand in mine close prest),  
Feel that the music at my heart  
Was throbbing also in your breast ?

Would now the moments tranced in bliss  
Slide past without a note of flight ?  
And sense be closed to outward things,  
As darkness shuts the eye from sight ?

Would now our spirits, self-enwrapt,  
Light floating on joy's purple wings,  
Feel that within themselves they held  
The source of pleasure's deathless springs ?

Would now great bliss surcharge my heart,  
And ecstasy no tongue could speak,  
Come on the gentle breeze that blew  
A vagrant curl against my cheek ?

Ah, wife, I fear these gleams are gone,  
Each purple hue, each varied dye ;  
These flowers of life all scentless now,  
Like bleach'd and wither'd violets lie.

The shining, airy forms of light,  
That fixed hope's eyes in youth's swift years,  
Slain in life's battle one by one,  
Gleam only now through mem'ry's tears.

Then what, dear wife, would be our joy,  
If now, clasp'd hand in hand, we stood,  
And heard the love-lorn bird of night  
Thrill his song-gushes through the wood ?

Is Nature less to us than when  
Our feet first brush'd youth's flowery shore ?  
Ah, no ! our love grows with our life ;  
We live to love her more and more.

More dear to us the wakening spring,  
The dewdrop cradled in the flower,  
The glory of the summer noon,  
The soothing of the evening hour.

Our passions sway'd by gentler moods,  
Our pulses stirr'd by holier springs ;  
Her children mother Nature claims,  
And with herself our being rings.

We know those rosy mists of youth,  
That far and dim behind us lie,  
Are gone for ever, and we stand  
Beneath a keener, purer sky.

Much have we lost, but more have gain'd ;  
The bliss so full that verged on pain  
We know not, but we feel and hold  
“ A larger heart and nobler brain.”

And love that grasps creation's plan  
(From frailest weed and lowliest thing,  
To stream and mountain, sun and star)  
Begins to still our souls, and bring

Thought, aspiration, strong desire,  
Dimly to know a higher state  
Than purest youth could ever see,  
Or brightest fancy e'er create.

Just imping spirit wings, we stand  
Still dazzled by the rising day,  
But in the glowing light Faith stands  
An angel in the radiant way,

To cheer with his eternal word,  
To ope to us the silent sky,  
Where ceaseless joys are ever new,  
Are ever born, but never die.

*ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE DOG.*

FALL, ye leaves of autumn, fall !  
Golden, crimson, purple, red,  
Be your painted glories shed—

Pepper's dead !

Fall by croft and garden wall,  
Fall by meadow margin wide,  
Fall by sullen river's side,  
Fall whilst wild winds loudly rave,  
Fall upon her lonely grave,  
Closely lie around her head,  
Fall ! oh, fall ! for Pepper's dead.

Little children at the gate,  
Vainly, vainly, you may wait—  
Pepper's dead !

Slowly, sadly, pace away ;  
Death has touch'd us here to-day,  
Ta'en your playmate, stopp'd your play—  
Pepper's dead !

Never more, with frolic glee,  
Little Pepper will you see,  
Dancing round with jollity ;  
Never more, with mimic dread,  
From her wrath with shouting flee—  
Pepper's dead !

Little children, do not stay ;  
Death has touch'd us here to-day !  
Cold your playmate lies in clay,  
Green sods laid above her head :  
Leave us now—for Pepper's dead !

Ties that bind to earth are slender,  
Ties of love are very tender.

One is broken ;  
One dear loving life has fled,  
Low is laid a faithful head—  
Pepper's dead !

'Tis no great heart-breaking woe,  
Yet 'tis sadness, and I know  
'Tis a token,

That another bond is gone,  
And on earth I'm more alone,  
More alone, since it was said,

“ Pepper's dead ! ”

Life has lost her gleaming eyes,  
Glancing round with glad surprise ;

All her faithful loving ways,  
All her many pranks and plays,  
All her gleesome, gladsome days.

Only my poor dog is gone,  
Yet I know I'm more alone ;  
Something from my life has fled,  
Something lies beside her head,  
Still'd for ever in her bed ;  
This I've known since it was said,  
“ Pepper's dead ! ”

*ABSENCE.*

I LEAN'D upon the garden wall,  
The queen of night rode high,  
The soft wind through the poplar trees  
    Stole like a lover's sigh.  
Sweet marjoram and mignonette  
    Breathed upward through the night,  
And every blade and leaf was set  
    With dewdrop diamonds bright.

“O heart,” said I, “you love this scene,  
    This night so bright and calm,  
That whisper 'mid the poplar leaves  
    These flowers' breath of balm.  
Then why so sad, O heart?” said I ;  
    “Why sink so in my breast ?  
Why prompt this frequent rising sigh,  
    When you in joy might rest ?”

My heart replied, " I love this hour,  
So tranquil and so bright;  
I love the jewel-sprinkled leaves,  
The flowers' dear breath at night :  
But more I love, than night or day,  
To feel one true heart beat.  
That one dear heart is far away,  
And naught to me is sweet."

" What would you say, O heart," said I,  
" If that dear heart were near ;  
If she were standing by my side,  
And now your voice could hear ?  
What would you say of this sweet night,  
This moonlight's silver glow,  
These sparkling leaflets' dewy sheen,  
This wind so soft and low ? "

Then heart replied, " Oh, I would say—  
Look round, look up, dear love ;  
Look at this glitt'ring earth below,  
Look at that light above.  
Oh, this shall fade, and that shall change,  
Beneath Time's closing fold,  
But we, in all the eternal range,  
We never shall grow old.

“ But link'd by love, on earth that grew,  
    By love that grew with truth,  
Though stars grow old and planets fail,  
    Still ours shall be sweet youth.  
So held, together will we fly  
    (Nor for one moment sever)  
From isle to isle, in yon sweet sky,  
    For ever and for ever.”

*VENUS AND JUPITER.*

FAR in the calm and crimson west  
The star of love sinks low ;  
What angel-forms and visions blest  
About her beauty glow ?

Stay, shining world of love and light ;  
Leave not my hopeless years ;  
Leave not my soul to sombre night,  
To darkness and to tears.

The splendours fade, the colours die,  
They fail before my sight ;  
The star of love sinks silently—  
I am alone with night.

So from my life the glow, the gleam,  
Of hope and love are gone ;  
I stand, just waken'd from a dream,  
Bewilder'd and alone.

I turn to the o'erarching sky,  
My look cleaves though the night ;  
I see a radiant form on high,  
An orb of living light.

Great Jupiter ! thy vivid rays  
Revive my dying heart ;  
Hope gilds again my coming days,  
The clouds begin to part.

Emblem of purity and power,  
And life that will not die ;  
I feel thy holy influence shower  
Down from thy native sky.

Led by thy light, I yet may know  
Bright days and happy years ;  
And hear, whilst walking earth below,  
The music of the spheres.

I yet may touch some noble string,  
With joyful, eager hand  
Wake a sweet harp with power, and ring  
The glad notes through the land.

Then, though my days be dark and few,  
Though life be link'd with pain,  
And tears fall thick as moonlight dew,  
I shall not live in vain.

*THE OLD CHURCHYARD,*

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

GRAVE of our fathers ! Death's own field !  
 Sad realm where terror's king did wield  
 His sceptre dread !

No longer here shall sorrow sow  
 Her bitter tears, nor sable woe  
 Here lead the sad procession slow,  
 With solemn tread !

Unstirr'd the turf upon thy breast,  
 Unbroken be thy holy rest,  
 By night and day ;  
 Nor aught disturb thy slumbers cold,  
 Till time's last wave, with gath'ring fold,  
 Upon th' eternal shore has roll'd,  
 And died away.

Softly to thee let smiling spring  
 The daisy and the primrose bring  
 And southern breeze

The sweet rain bear, that gently cleaves  
The humid air, whilst summer weaves  
Her own green robes of damask leaves  
On these old trees.

Let autumn glowing rich and deep,  
From gentle hands on thy long sleep  
    Her leaves let fall ;  
Let winter dirges o'er thee sing,  
And wake his wild harp's grandest string,  
When clouds on driving north winds bring  
    Thy stainless pall.

Here, let not mirth its jests intrude,  
Nor busy man with labour rude  
    Profane thy sod ;  
But let the child with rev'rent dread  
Be taught thy grassy paths to tread,  
And call thy homes of crowded dead  
    The ground of God.

Sleep on ; from yonder hoary piles,  
The grand bones of once sacred aisles,  
    A thousand years  
Look down on all thy ranks of dead,  
And number ev'ry mould'ring head  
Low lying in its narrow bed,  
    Once damp'd with tears.

Thy ranks of dead? ay, closer piled  
Than autumn leaves in wood-walks wild  
That fall to die;  
Noble and peasant, knight and page,  
The poet, painter, monk, and sage,  
Swept by time's hand from ev'ry age,  
Here gather'd lie.

Oh, guard them well, for ev'ry head,  
Since first the dying laid their dead  
Beneath thy sod,  
Shall be required of thy cold hand,  
When, gather'd from the sea and land,  
The great and small shall living stand  
Before our God.

How many hearts have parted here,  
When from dark homes the darker bier  
Its pale load bore!  
Parted, in sorrow's gushing rain,  
Parted, in heaven to meet again—  
Great God! did any part in pain,  
To meet no more?

Sleep on, in many distant lands—  
Australia's clime or Indian strands,—  
By stream or sea,  
Oft some lone heart at midnight's hour  
Will homeward fly with mem'ry's power

And, shunning well-known home or bower,  
Will turn to thee.

Sleep on, whilst human joys and fears,  
Sleep whilst the days and nights and years  
    Of time shall last ;  
Wake, as the last hour slowly dies ;  
Wake, when the awful morn doth rise ;  
Wake, when loud peals through earth and skies  
    The trumpet's blast.

*THOUGHTS IN A NEW CEMETERY.*

OFT have I wander'd here, when morn  
With golden shafts did pierce the night ;  
The sweet lark waking 'mid the corn,  
To song and light.

On balmy bank in grassy nook,  
Bright lay the dewdrops glitt'ring fair,  
Pure gems which ebon midnight shook  
From her dark hair.

Ah ! never more, on this hill's crest,  
Shall autumn's golden harvest wave ;  
See, where thy careless foot doth rest,  
A new-made grave.

Here shall no purple cornflowers fade,  
No reaper breathe noon's sultry breath ;  
This field a garner-house is made  
For reaper Death.

Here shall the tomb weeds rankly grow,  
Here woe shall walk with dismal fears,  
And oft the tall green grass shall bow  
With widow's tears.

Here shall the husband leave his wife ;  
In this cold hillock's sullen breast,  
Leave her, the sunshine of his life,  
In Death's dark rest.

The mother here shall, in the ground,  
See her pale babe all lonely prest ;  
That babe, who ne'er had pillow found  
But on her breast.

Through the long stretch of coming years,  
Here shall the living leave their dead ;  
Thy earth, dark home of future tears,  
With awe I tread.

Great spring of grief, wide grave of hope,  
Dark house 'neath sorrow's sullen sway ;  
Shall thy damp vault walls never ope  
To light and day ?

Must we o'er thy sad portal grave  
What Dante read on hell's grim gate ?  
Hast thou no hope to help or save,  
O Death and Fate !

Lo ! on the wings of faith upborne,  
My spirit flies through time's long night,  
And sees the breaking of a dawn  
In awful light.

From the empyrean's utmost bound,  
A myriad dazzling host descends ;  
With thunder's crash, a trumpet's sound,  
The round earth rends.

Wide yawn the graves, light shapes ascend,  
With joy or terror in their eyes ;  
In shadowy groups they form and blend,  
Whirl'd to the skies.

Like changing clouds the air they fill,  
Swift rising from the teeming sod,  
Whilst louder, louder, waxes still  
The trump of God.

*FLOWERS ON GRAVES.*

LAST year, roll'd round this green hill's crest  
The harvest's laden waves ;  
This, chequers all its verdant breast  
With tombstones and with graves.  
Here lies a parent's rev'rend head,  
And there that little narrow bed  
An infant form receives ;  
In furrows long this gentle hill,  
They show how quickly Death can fill  
His harvest-house with sheaves.

Up from the town life's murmurs come,  
Life with life's cares combined ;  
And sounds of mirth from pipe and drum  
Are passing on the wind.  
Hard by, ten thousand pulses beat,  
Ten thousand hearts with passion's heat  
Now heave and throb and thrill ;

A few short years shall come and die,  
And all that fervid life shall lie  
    Cold round this grassy hill.

Yes, mark it well, the grave is home,  
    Howe'er your lot be cast ;  
Though far through life you live and roam,  
    The grave is home at last.  
A home of sleep or changeless woe ?  
A myriad voices answer, No !  
    From all earth's peopled sod ;  
But one clear No is heard to fall,  
    Strong, sweet, and sure, among them all :  
    It is the voice of God.

Our life is changeful as the hours,  
    Changeless the grave as God ;  
Then why with tawdry fading flowers  
    Profane its sacred clod ?  
What is thy faith ? This is the gate  
Where all thy dust must patient wait  
    The word that dooms or saves ;  
Then ever, though thy fancy lead,  
Through the whole range of human creed,  
    Hope in the silent grave.

And mark thy hope, thy steadfast hope,  
    Tear up each tawdry flower ;

Bring tablets from the mountain's cope,  
And write thy faith with power.  
Then, on the well-belovèd head,  
Lay rev'rently a grassy bed,  
That green through time shall glow ;  
And think, believe, the arm that first  
That fold of turf shall strongly burst,  
Now mould'ring lies below.

## THE PLEASURES OF READING.

A PLEA FOR THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. BY A MEMBER.

TIME flies ; with urgent haste the wingèd hours,  
Speed ever on ; the fairest, frailest flowers,  
Whose little life is but a morning's span,  
Die far less quickly than the days of man ;  
The changing cloud, the ripple on the stream,  
The floating bubble, and the transient dream,  
The scythe-arm'd mower, and the falling grass,  
A passing shadow mirror'd in a glass,  
The early mist that flies the rising morn,  
The viewless wind that wings the rushing storm,  
The gliding river, and the rolling wave,  
The footprint on the sands their waters lave,  
Are images by which in ev'ry clime  
Wise men portray the fleeting course of time.  
Is this the truth ? are there no hours that lag ?  
Do Time's untiring pinions never flag ?  
Do all the passing moments quickly flee ?  
Then whence the drawling cry of dull *ennui* ?

Why do men seek with hot narcotic weed  
And madd'ning draught the laggard hours to speed ?  
Why rush the eager throng to Thespian courts ?  
Why crowd the billiard-room, or worse resorts,  
Where folly's gayest, subtlest snares entice,—  
The lewd casino's modern school for vice,  
Where prostituted music's notes advance  
In measured pand'ring to a wanton dance ?  
Men will invent a thousand ways with skill,  
Old Time, their flying enemy, to kill,  
Yet still complain, with never-ceasing cry,  
That ebbing life is short—"too soon they die."  
Yes, life is short, 'tis but a day's brief span,  
If measured by the duties of a man ;  
But long, too long, the space that Nature gives  
For the vain, trifling, *aimless* life man lives.  
The counter's toil, the workshop's heated air,  
The ink-stain'd desk, the field, the rough ploughshare,  
Are but exchanged for pleasure's fatal boon,  
The reeking pothouse, or the gay saloon ;  
No progress but in recklessness and ill,  
No hope, but that to-morrow's hours may fill  
The same dull round of labour and of ease,  
Content alone the present time to please.  
From this sad sloth we bid the mind arise !  
Look up, and tear the film from blinded eyes.  
Know, though all day you labour, yet that deep  
Your sluggard souls are sunk in deathlike sleep.

You say “you live to labour,” then you give  
Too much for nothing ; labour now to live.  
Think not we lightly hold your daily toil,  
Be it in cities full, or on the soil,  
Or on the busy railway’s iron road—  
All honour to the workers is our code,  
For idleness, we deem, than want is worse,  
And labour is a blessing, not a curse.  
For while employment for the day you find,  
Oh ! let the hours of ease pertain to mind.  
Forsake the downward path you now are in,  
Which fools style pleasure, and the sage calls sin.  
But do you ask—“ Released from pleasure’s powers,  
How shall we pass the long dull evening’s hours ? ”  
With books, we cry—books are the souls of men,  
Made plain, portray’d and letter’d, with a pen.  
Their bodies’ ashes scatter’d to the wind,  
They leave with us the better part, the mind.  
Come to our shelves ; their stores can well supply  
Food for the mind, whose seed shall never die ;  
See names, that like bright glowing pillars stand,  
With lustre shedding knowledge o’er the land.  
Here high philosophy, there history’s page ;  
Here reason’s might, and there the golden age  
Of love and fancy ; here a mass of thought,  
And there the annals of a kingly court ;  
Oh, what a shining train of lofty souls  
The narrow limit of our room enrolls !

Along the paths of wisdom would you stray ;  
They ready wait to light the narrow way.  
Should calm philosophy your thoughts engage ;  
See Newton's, Bacon's, Locke's, and Guizot's page.  
Would you the mazy, tangled web explore  
Of nations' history, politics, and war ;  
See Hume's philosophy, and Gibbon's style,  
And he whom sceptic doubts did not defile—  
The Scottish Robertson ; nor pass we by  
Enlighten'd Mackintosh, the chivalry  
Of Mills ; Macaulay, tracing back to freedom's dawn,  
With Allison, Neale, Rollin, Lingard, Vaughan.  
Or should your taste and fancy you incline  
The path to follow where the muses shine ;  
See the great stars, so luminously bright,  
That head this wondrous galaxy of light.  
What rays encircle lofty Milton's name !  
Who shall foretell the bound of Shakespeare's fame ?  
What calm delight, when from dull toil released,  
To pass the hours with Nature's great high priest,  
The reasoning Wordsworth ; or with rapture pore  
O'er the rich flowing melody of Moore ;  
The fire of Campbell, Scott's romantic themes,  
The songs of Burns, or Spenser's faëry dreams ;  
Great Byron's genius and the " Bard of Night,"  
The truthful Crabbe, and much-lamented White ;  
The gentle Shepherd's simple tenderness,  
Sweet Hemans' music, and the fair " Princess "

Of Alfred Tennyson, whose varied lyre  
To sweetest music gives poetic fire !  
Ah, when that bard shall choose a theme aright,  
Rise in his strength and strike the chords with might,  
With joy the sons of song shall hail the hour,  
And listening nations own the poet's power.  
When winter's evening social meal is o'er,  
And round the fire the household's members draw,  
'Tis sweet the passing moments to improve  
With thoughts from books, to lead the mind to love  
The great, the beautiful, the good—to mark  
How holy feelings, rising from the dark  
Dull depths of slothful souls, with vigour will  
'Neath the great poet's wondrous magic thrill.  
As speeds the theme, the gen'rous ardour glows,  
The flushing cheek a deeper crimson grows.  
Now rise the hopes, and now the timid fears,  
Till at the last the fastly falling tears,  
That rain uncheck'd from every glistening eye,  
Confess a bond of common sympathy.  
Or, if a lonely man, as yet unknown  
To you the priceless joys of hearth and home,  
Not less in joy or sorrow will you find  
Reading a hope and comfort to your mind.  
As on you move along the path of time,  
From height to height in knowledge shall you climb,  
Nor think that, as the loftier hills you gain,  
That indistinct and misty grows the plain ;

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Each step in knowledge gives a clearer view  
Of all you saw before, or thought, or knew.  
No bound, no limit, to the mighty range  
Of mind and thought ; nor will the last great change  
Your progress bar, but, if you live aright,  
A million-fold increase your power of sight.  
But yet a word—of error's snares take heed ;  
Remember this, and tremble whilst you read :  
The use to which your talent here is given,  
At death shall measure your reward in heaven.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

TO SIR HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY, BART.

DROOP, scatter'd flowers of tardy spring !  
Hush'd be your songs, ye birds, that bring  
Joy to our hearts, while blithe ye sing,

    Though bitter north winds rave ;  
Grey be the sky, and still the air,  
But let a sunbeam here and there  
Look through, whilst slow and sad we bear  
    A good man to his grave.

We bear him from his fathers' hall ;  
The forest giants, gaunt and tall,  
Stretch bare dark arms above the pall,

    As slowly on we go ;  
By level lawn, by wooded dell,  
By lowly homes where cotters dwell,  
By lane and croft he loved so well,  
    We bear him sad and slow.

As thus we pass each well-known haunt,  
No waving plumes above him flaunt,  
No blazon'd trappings' hollow vaunt  
    Makes up his fun'ral show ;  
In this his wishes we fulfil,  
In this his word we follow still,  
And feel, as thus we do his will,  
    A less'ning of our woe.

We reach at last the churchyard's bound,  
And stand with silent awe around  
That quiet spot of sacred ground  
    He chose to be his grave ;  
With holy words, with pious care,  
With loving hands, we place him there,  
Then lift our hearts in fervent prayer  
    To Him who died to save.

Now lightly o'er his rev'rend head  
The level fragrant turf we spread,  
And by his lonely, hallow'd bed  
    A stately stone we raise ;  
Now on that fair-hewn tablet write,  
Grave deep and strong, with hand of might,  
This good man's sole, last earthly right—  
    His meed of human praise.

Yes, write ; but what ? That, nobly bred,  
A soldier's life he chose and led,  
And gain'd a name for heart and head,  
From friend and foe ?

No, write not that—'tis true, but vain ;  
England on many a bloody plain  
Such seed has sown like summer rain,  
For glory's transient glow.

That when fair youth and strength declined,  
Cheerful, the war-sword he resign'd,  
And strode upon the realms of mind  
With no uncertain foot ?

No, write not that—his efforts there  
Shall meet from time their guerdon fair,  
And take of fame their rightful share,  
As flowers spring from their root.

But on his hallow'd tablet grave,  
Cut deep, so that your words may brave  
Time's longest roll of wearing wave—  
Cut deep, and fair, and clear ;  
And write that, in a sordid age,  
When gold was God, and Mammon's rage  
Fill'd social life and learning's page,  
He who now lieth here

Could o'er that heartless serfdom rise,  
The lust and greed of gold despise,  
Be rich, but good, and great, and wise,  
    The guardian of the poor—  
That on the acres of his soil  
No man for stinted wage did moil,  
Nor e'er in vain for “leave to toil,”  
    Ask at his “brother’s door.”

That earnestly he strove to give  
His fellow-man the means to live,  
To learn, to know, to think, to strive ;  
    If fall'n, to rise again ;  
And thus, though often sorely tried,  
He nobly lived, and fearless died,  
And by his *actions* justified  
    “ The ways of God to men.”

*IN MEMORIAM.*

TO HENRY WILSON, ESQ.

NOT mine the task, in low sad notes, to mourn  
“The just made perfect,” but with joy to tell  
How virtue lovingly with him did dwell,  
His heart’s best friend, on this side life’s dark bourn.  
His wealth, a rich cup beaming to the brim,  
He made as rich a blessing ; like the rain  
His bounty fell, nor ever fell in vain,  
Making the taker thank both God and him.  
Like a fair, branching, noble tree he grew,  
Throwing his gifts and graces broad and high,  
Enrich’d with worthy praise from passers-by,  
And earthly sympathies and heavenly dew ;  
A long-loved name, whose memory shall stand,  
A grace and truth, still longer in the land.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

ARTHUR HERVEY ASTON OAKES. DIED JAN. 25, 1868.  
AGED FOUR MONTHS.

A BRIGHT keen sky, a shining winter's day,  
A little grave cut in the cold wet clay  
Near a grey church upon a gentle hill ;—  
A group of solemn mourners sad and still :—  
The rite is done, the holy words are said,  
All look their last upon the infant's bed,  
Whilst at the foot, with streaming eyes, there stand  
Father and mother, gazing, hand in hand.  
Wreathed on the little coffin's narrow lid  
That by these thick damp clods must soon be hid,  
Were tufts of violets fleck'd with snowdrops white ;  
And all pale flowers that bloom in winter's light  
Some soft kind hand, with tender lavish care,  
Had brought to that small grave and scatter'd there :—  
As if some angel from a gentle star,  
Bearing the flowers of Paradise afar,

Had stopp'd her flight in pity, and let fall  
On that poor babe, this pure sweet flow'ry pall.  
Fast and still faster from the mother's eyes  
Rain the sad tears, and sobs and heart-wrung sighs  
Break from her lips, as, leaning o'er the grave,  
She feels all hope is lost, that naught can save  
That once bright darling from all foul decay,  
That cold and narrow pit, that oozy clay.  
With slow faint tott'ring steps she leaves the place,  
Grief at her heart and anguish in her face.  
What though love holds her with her husband's hand,  
What though kind friends in groups around her stand,  
What though her children beckon from their home,  
And miss their kisses till their mother come ;  
No thought of comfort cheers her tortured soul,  
No ray breaks through the clouds that round her roll ;  
One grief, one loss, blacks all the azure sky,  
Yearning she turns, and wishes but to die ;—  
In that dark moment, hope and joy lie dead,  
Low in the mould, by that dear baby's head.

Hark ! O mother ; hark ! a sound  
Fell upon this holy ground ;  
Came it from yon shining sky,  
Or some seraph passing by ;  
Came it from a faith that lives  
In the heart, and ever gives

Comfort to the sad and worn,  
Hope to hopeless and forlorn ;  
These the words the message bore,  
“ He is not dead, but gone before.”  
Softer sound was never stirr’d,  
Sweeter words were never heard ;—  
Hark ! oh, hark ! it comes again,  
Stilling sorrow, soothing pain,  
Bearing from some sacred shore  
Where death is dead, and life is more,  
Words which hold all comfort’s store,—  
“ He is not dead, but gone before.”  
Soft it falls as purest dew  
On baby’s grave when morn is new,  
Soft as gentle winds that sweep  
O’er the grasses green and deep,  
That will wave o’er baby’s sleep,  
Soft as rainbow showers that lave  
Baby’s quiet holy grave,  
Soft as sounds by zephyrs borne  
At still eve or opening morn,  
From summer sea to shining shore,  
“ He is not dead, but gone before.”

Ah, mother ! clear that sadden’d brow,  
Let hope illume those tearful eyes ;  
Thou canst not deem that even now,  
Low in that grave thy baby lies.

Far out beyond the sunset's glow,  
Beyond the gleaming orbs of night ;  
Where flowers unfading ever blow,  
Thy happy baby plumes his flight.  
High, where each great archangel flies,  
High, where each seraph glows and sings ;  
He mounts with glory in his eyes,  
And awful splendours on his wings.

Oh no ! thank God, our loved ones do not die,  
Though in the narrow grassy grave they lie,  
Or, whelm'd in awful tempests, find a grave  
Deep in the sea beneath the mountain wave ;—  
Low in the coral caves, or 'neath the sod,  
They are not dead, but only gone to God ;  
Though hid from sight, they live in each fond heart  
With a sweet freshness life did scarce impart :  
Their looks, their words, their tones, are treasured there,  
And swathed in love, and watch'd with holy care ;—  
And as each day their blest abodes we near,  
Sweeter and clearer still, these words we hear,  
Like holy music from that heavenly shore,  
“ They are not dead, but only gone before.”

*IN MEMORIAM.*

MARY ISABEL OAKES. DIED JAN. 19, 1872.  
AGED THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

MARY dearest! MARY fairest!  
Though this deep dark tomb is thine,  
Still our fondest love thou sharest,  
Still our true hearts round thee twine.

MARY! in thy beauty bright!  
MARY! in thy beaming bloom!  
Death's black shadow quench'd thy light,  
Hid thee in the grave's sad gloom.

Snatch'd thee from thy husband's arms  
To this cold tomb's long embrace,  
Press'd the earth on all thy charms,  
And the glory of thy face.

Hid thee from thy children's eyes,—  
Gave them for thy loving breast,  
This cold grave's green grassy rise,  
By their little hands now prest.

By thy couch we knelt around thee,  
Pray'd our God thy life to save ;  
But the arms of death had bound thee,  
And our answer was—this grave.

On thy grave the grasses rise,  
Sweet the birds sing by thy head ;  
Sadly sound the long deep sighs,—  
Breaking hearts that mourn thee dead.

Yes, thy grave is growing green,  
Yes, the grasses o'er thee rise ;  
Oft they bear the dewy sheen  
Of bitter tears from sorrow's eyes.

Oh, ISABEL ! ISABEL ! lovely in death !  
We gave to thy bier all pure fair flowerets' breath,  
We strew'd on thy grave the first blossoms of spring,  
And through the bright summer-time, sad did we bring  
The rose and the lily, thy own garden's pride,—  
They droop'd, and they wither'd, and died by thy side ;  
And ever on earth whilst with flowerets we dwell,  
Oh ! thus will we mourn thee, loved, lost ISABEL !

Oh, ISABEL ! ISABEL ! lovely in life !  
Oh, lost to us, daughter ! fair mother ! true wife !  
The rose was thy cheek, and the lily thy soul,  
Thine eye the blue heavens that over us roll,  
And no flower ever bloom'd on garden or sod,  
More fair than thou wast in the smile of thy God ;  
So ever on earth whilst with flowerets we dwell,  
Oh ! thus will we mourn thee, loved, lost ISABEL !

Oh, ISABEL ! ISABEL ! lovely in death !  
We come to thy grave with the morning's first breath,  
We bring thee fresh flowers all wet with the dew,  
They droop for thee, weep for thee,—tender and true ;  
We come again softly, when fled is the light,  
And feel their sweet breath in the hush of the night,  
And we think, as our tears fall fast in the gloom,  
“ Our ISABEL’s spirit is haunting her tomb ; ”  
So ever on earth whilst with flowerets we dwell,  
Oh ! thus will we mourn thee, loved, lost ISABEL !

Ah ! when death touch’d thee, well we know,  
By that sweet light upon thy brow,  
That angel-faces hover’d low  
To welcome thee.

And with soft eyes, with love aflame,  
Two angel-babes from heaven came,  
Lisping their own dear mother’s name,  
To welcome thee.

And bore thee up on high afar,  
From sphere to sphere, from star to star,  
And pearly gates and crystal bar  
Roll'd back for thee.

Till thou didst reach that home on high,  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And our dear Saviour, ever nigh,  
Did welcome thee.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

MORTON HERVEY ASTON OAKES. DIED JAN. 14, 1864.

AGED THREE WEEKS.

**M**OURN we now a flow'ret dead ;  
Mourn a little life that's fled ;  
Flow'ret kill'd by cruel frost ;  
Little life by death soon crost ;  
Jewel bright in darkness lost ;  
Violet hid by sudden gloom ;  
Fragrance buried in the tomb ;  
First sweet snowdrop of the year,  
Only born to deck a bier ;  
Tender lily's stainless cup,  
God's own hand hath folded up ;  
Beauteous bud of rosy hope,  
Doom'd thy blossom ne'er to ope ;  
Little joy that only came  
To give grief another name ;—  
Mourn we whilst thy grave is green,  
All the joy thou might'st have been.

Hope, dear baby, died with thee,  
Hope of all that thou might'st be ;  
When thy little life was shed,  
Mother's heart with sorrow bled ;  
When thou lay'st upon thy bier,  
Father's cheek betray'd the tear ;  
Naught could help thee, naught could save  
From cold death and narrow grave ;  
None can know and none can tell  
All the sad heart's bitter swell,  
As they laid thee, pale and dead,  
Gently in thy grassy bed ;—  
Nor the hopes so bright and fair  
Laid beside thy coffin there.  
Mother's beauty, mother's grace,  
Might have gleam'd upon thy face ;  
Father's heart and eye and form  
Might have blended bright and warm,  
In thy life through calm and storm ;  
Strength and power and promise fair  
Might have been thy lot to share ;—  
Ever whilst thy grave is green,  
Mourn we what thou might'st have been.

After life may come and go ;  
Sorrow sadden, pleasure flow ;  
But that little churchyard spot  
Never once can be forgot :

Sanctified by holy text,  
Link 'tween this world and the next,  
Still through every phase and scene,  
Ever whilst that grave is green,  
Mourn two hearts what might have been.

Oh ! but sorrow has a wing ;  
After winter comes the spring ;  
Keep the faith that never dies ;—  
Ever through yon starry skies  
Shines a light from Baby's eyes.

*TO MY DEAR SISTER EMMA.*

LISTEN to the Christmas bells !  
Know you what they say ?  
Christ who died for *all* mankind,  
Christ was born to-day.

Listen to the Christmas bells !  
Angels bright and fair,  
Bending from their thrones on high,  
Gladly listen there.

Yes, in heaven they hear the bells ;  
And, freed from pain and care,  
Dearest sister, one bright day  
*We shall listen there.*

*SONNET.*

WRITTEN IN THE PASS OF LLANBERIS, NORTH WALES.

WHO cleft the pathway in the awful hills ?

Who came with giant arm and dreadful stride,  
 And ranged these mountain-tops on either side,  
 Then smote their ridgy heads, and 'mid these rills  
 Scatter'd like hail their topmost crags ? How thrills  
 My heart with rising terrors ! Even now,  
 As from yon blasted quarry's blackened brow  
 The sulphurous vapour rolls, my vision fills  
 With fear's wild shapes and active phantasies ;  
 Hoarse echoes wake the trembling crag's repose ;  
 A godlike giant stalks 'neath lurid skies  
 Along this stony paths ; in serried rows  
 I see the mountains part before my eyes,  
 And hear his palace gates in thunder close.

*SONNET.*

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.

ON either side the giant crags arise :  
From the bluebells that blossom round my feet  
I trace their rocky steeps, until they meet  
The tinted clouds that deck the evening skies ;  
Then, with the effort tired, the wond'ring eyes  
Sweep down the huge hill's worn and ridgy line,  
And mark (where ranged and pillar'd rocks combine,  
The semblance of a solemn organ rise.  
Oh that some power would wake its awful strain !  
And through this grand cathedral aisle, would roll  
A voice more loud than winds and rushing rain,  
Or thunders' note, but 'neath the strong control  
Of harmony divine, and teach my soul  
To Nature's hidden meanings to attain.

*SONNET.*

## IN THE VALE OF LLANBERIS.

I STAND bareheaded by my cottage door ;  
The sun, all golden-wing'd, has sunk below  
The craggy western ridge ; the rosy glow  
Of purple evening tints the lake no more :  
The cloud-ascending walls, that tower before  
My little homestead, seem to ring me round ;  
Upon the night there faintly comes a sound  
Like waters breaking on a distant shore.  
Between the shoulders of the giant peaks  
The stars rise slow, and overhead they gleam,  
And glass themselves in mountain tarn and stream.  
Methinks the silence to my rapt soul speaks ;  
“ Go in and sleep ; thou need'st no sentinel ;  
God watches this lone vale, and all is well.”

*SONNET TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON  
BOARD A YACHT IN SOUTH-  
AMPTON WATER.*

FROM what cool grotto of the deep-green wave  
Didst thou, O pure and peerless nymph, arise ?  
Where hast thou hid the light of those bright eyes ?  
And in what coral-wreath'd, white-sanded cave,  
Did glassy waters thy white shoulders lave,  
And round thee drift the streaming dusky dyes  
Of that soft floating mist of hair, that vies  
In hue with blackest clouds when tempests rave ?  
Unknown thou art to me, but yet thy form  
Has gleam'd upon me from the sedgy brim  
Of some clear lake, when summer evetide warm  
Was waning into summer twilight dim ;  
For beauty holds her shapes from all eternity,  
And fancy gives them faultless to the longing eye.

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*SONNET WRITTEN BY RYDAL  
WATER.*

How many gates of sense the Maker gives,  
By which a knowledge of His works and ways  
Enters the palace of the soul, and lives  
By hourly increase of the passing days.  
Through one fair portal, carved in curious guise,  
March in all sounds,—speech, harmony, and song ;  
The violet's breathings through another rise,  
And touch and taste their varied inlets throng.  
But since I dwelt amongst these folding hills,  
These far-drawn sheets of water's glittering sheen,  
These awful crags and mists and toppling rills,  
These winding valleys' bright eternal green ;  
I know that knowledge, nearest the Most High,  
Enters through that bright palace gate, *Man's Eye*.

*TO ALFRED TENNYSON.*

My life had leapt its childhood's flowery bound,  
And youth's bright hills of promise held mine eye,  
When first my thirsty ear drank in the sound  
    Of thy sweet minstrelsy.

Then love had sprung within my teeming breast,  
And steep'd my soul and senses in delight ;  
But still thy notes fell on my trancèd rest,  
    As from a heavenly height.

Then flush'd the fields, no clouds the skies could stain,  
In sunshine every wavelet kiss'd the strand ;  
But yet within my soul I felt thy strain  
    Told of a brighter land.

I gave thee love, I gave thee sudden tears,  
Thy wondrous song now thrill'd, now burnt my heart ;  
I felt that from me, through the coming years,  
    Those sounds would ne'er depart.

I knew that some strong hand had struck the chords  
Which dumb within my inner life had lain ;  
That music loosed, had flow'd to breathèd words,  
And would not die again.

And yet thy song did never storm my soul,  
Nor daze it with a glare of light intense ;  
But, like a broad smooth stream, its flood did roll  
Through the wide gates of sense.

I was a boy, and loved the sweet May Queen ;  
I frolick'd with her through that May-day rout ;  
I danced with her upon the village green,  
“ Till Charles's wain came out.”

I was a boy—I was not hard like men ;  
I stood and heard her dying hopes and fears,  
And my swoll'n heart had ris'n and choked me then,  
Had it not burst in tears.

I heard the angels' music on the wind,  
I saw God's peace gleam in her sunken eye ;  
I pray'd—and joy shot through my darken'd mind—  
“ O Lord, thus let me die.”

But ne'er a vision of my dreaming youth,  
Beneath the woodland bough or by the rill,  
Did ever gleam so strong, so full of truth,  
As that old forest still.

Where “growths of jasmine twined from tree to tree,”  
And all was silent as the darksome grave ;  
Where grasses o'er “the red anemone”  
Grew tall but ne'er did wave.

No breath of wind through that fix'd air e'er blew,  
Nor leaf did move upon those silent trees ;  
Solemn and slow, like coral groves they grew,  
Deep sunk in tropic seas.

And through the “long dark wood walks” paced along,  
Shapes which my fancy ne'er to sight could give ;  
But at the music of thy charmèd song,  
They seem'd to speak and live.

I knew them all—I knew them by thy power ;  
But she, “the daughter of the Gileadite,”  
Has dwelt about me from that magic hour  
She gleam'd upon my sight.

I hear her song of triumph in the night, . . .  
I see the glory of her lifted brow ;  
I cannot bear the lustre of that light,  
But yet within I know

That, led by her bright beaming form divine,  
O'er self and sin triumphant I may rise ;  
And see her with a vision clear as thine,  
'Neath other, purer skies.

'Tis vain ; I cannot sing, I could not tell,  
The glorious visions thou hast given to me ;  
But round my path and life they ever dwell,  
And sweetly speak of thee.

I love, when golden, gorgeous autumn gleams,  
And boundless beauty fills the insatiate eye ;  
To loose my fancy in deep noonday dreams  
Of her, the Princess high,

Who set her foot upon the spotted pard,  
Who snapp'd old customs like a frail weed-bind,  
Then threw love from her like a broken shard,  
And strove to rule her kind.

So young, so grand, so beautiful and brave,  
High-soul'd, and fill'd with thoughts and aims above  
The common range of hope, thou didst not save  
Her from all-conquering love.

She fell from that high state, almost divine,  
But lovelier seem'd so fall'n than enthroned ;  
A noble woman in love's heart enshrined,  
With perfect beauty zoned.

Oh ! bright the web thou weav'st to show this tale,  
As that cloud-curtain of a fleecy hue,  
Which lines the summer skies with silver pale,  
All fleck'd with clearest blue ;

Through which the soul, with raised and longing eye,  
Looks to the infinite, and lifts a hope  
That from this beauty to that changeless sky  
Extends her being's scope.

Then bursts of song, of sweetest fancy born,  
Seize the still soul and thrill it into tears,  
As morning winds, swaying the dewy corn,  
Shake rain from trembling ears.

I never saw thy face, but thou hast been  
My loved companion many happy days ;  
I think the streams more clear, the grass more green,  
Whilst reading thy sweet lays.

Thou break'st the chains of custom from my soul,  
And she, poor prison-bird, swift takes her flight  
On eager wings, all reckless of control,  
Towards the topmost height.

Thou teachest me by beauty and with power,  
All things are lovelier when I follow thee,  
And life more smoothly glides from hour to hour,  
Hymn'd by thy minstrelsy.

Ay, more than this ; for when thou sing'st of him,  
Thy noble friend, who by the Danube died,  
Thy soaring spirit leaves the narrow rim,  
Where earth and flesh abide ;

Thou tak'st thy grief far in the realms of thought,  
That pure light guides thee where man's foot ne'er  
trod ;  
Then, with the inspired tones thy harp has caught,  
Thou sing'st the present God.

Yet even there thou blendest with thy song  
The sweetest notes to which thy love gave birth :  
With thee I glide the heavenly bands among,  
Nor lose the gifts of earth.

Farewell, farewell ; my thanks, my love, are thine,  
Not only for the joy I gain from thee,  
But for her sake who feels thy power divine  
And shares my joy with me.

Two hands have gather'd from thy proffer'd flowers,  
Two hearts have thrill'd to thy high-sounding lyre,  
Two lives have nobler grown, through happy hours,  
By thee still lifted higher.

Farewell once more : to thee my humble name  
May ne'er be known ; but I can now descry  
That thine is blazon'd in the rolls of fame,  
In tints that will not die.

My music cannot reach unto thy sphere ;  
But I believe, nay, I rejoice to know,  
That future nations shall with rapture hear  
Thine ever strongly flow.

Thine orb will ne'er reflect my feeble ray,  
For thou shalt hide me with a world of light,  
And give to myriads, in time's later day,  
Thine image pure and bright.

I am a little lake, shut in and prest  
By rocks and trees that ring me near and far ;  
But I can glass thee clearly in my breast,  
My "bright particular star."

*THE DEAD MILLER.*

I STOOD one sabbath morn  
Upon a grassy knoll ;  
The waves of young green corn  
Had not begun to roll  
Around that little hillock's gentle crest ;  
But level fields and rising ground,  
All slopes and sweeps and banks around,  
Were pierced by all the hosts of spears,  
That spring, behind dark winter, rears,  
On every dun-hued plain and brown hill's breast.  
When March, to April wed,  
O'er-canopies his bed,  
Sometimes with skies that shed divinest rest,  
Then sudden blackness o'er the gleaming blue is shed ;  
Dash'd from on high, a sleety shower is cast,  
And dark cloud-curtains drive before the blast  
Then through the gleaming rain  
Light leaps to earth again,

And on wide field and tree and hedge is seen  
A gauzy veil, a soft grey mist of green,  
Through which the fair earth gleams, all smiles and tears,  
Like love-hued beauty when her bridal veil she wears.

I stood, that quiet sabbath morn,  
Upon that grassy hillock's crest,  
But not green armies of the corn,  
Nor smiling earth's sweet spring-clad breast ;  
Then held mine eye, for open to the day,  
There lay extended on the ground,  
In massy fragments all around,  
The ruins of a mill, that crown'd  
This hillock's crest when last I pass'd this way.

Crashing from its airy height,  
When the March blast raged at night,  
Waving wild its arms in fight,  
Down, before the storm-fiend's might,  
Down from height to lowest dell,  
Crashing down, the huge mill fell.

Curious, I stood espying  
All the wreck before me lying.  
A huge thin case, it seemed, of white,  
Cramm'd full of cranks and beams of might ;  
Wheels within wheels, all tooth'd and gapp'd,  
Cross-barr'd with wood or iron strapp'd ;

Intricately, in hopeless tangles,  
A rigid mass of curves and angles ;  
A diagram of every notion  
For giving, curbing, checking motion :  
A wise machine, to show with clatter  
How mind can bend and govern matter ;  
But prostrate now, o'erthrown and hush'd,  
Bent, broken, heap'd, confused, and crush'd.

On that quiet sabbath morn,  
There lay the prostrate mill forlorn ;  
And there the golden sunlight fell  
Into many a grimy cell—  
Gilding with a golden brindle  
Many a rusty, dusty spindle ;  
Startling with ethereal light  
Many a nook long black as night ;  
Diving with illumining ray  
Through the cogg'd wheels' tangled way ;  
From the heavens' far-shining blue,  
Peering, glinting, gleaming through,  
This gnarled mass, on this lone hill,  
Lying broken, mangled, still.

The simple folk that gather'd there,  
With vacant, stolid, steadfast stare,  
Told me, that at the time it fell,  
This broken, gaping, grimy shell,

A fearful kernel held within its inmost part ;  
For, jammed within its massy fold  
By cranks and wheels, squeezed, crush'd, and roll'd,  
Black'ning before the gaze of day,  
Stone dead, the portly miller lay—  
Of that dead, rigid mass, the dead, cold, ghastly heart.

Clear and red the night before,  
When he left his cottage door,  
Sank the sun in glowing rest,  
Below the far-stretch'd purple west,—  
Left his cottage blithe and free ;  
Left his wife and children three ;  
Left them to their nightly rest,  
Calm, contented, pure, and blest ;  
Left them with no other guard  
Than the angels' watch and ward—  
Kisses round, and then good night ;  
Left them with their eyes of light.  
Soon those sparkling eyes they steep  
In oblivious, calmest sleep.  
Deaf are they to rising gale ;  
Not for them the storm-ghosts wail ;  
Rapt in rosy dreams, their eyes  
Ope not till the morning skies,  
Calm again, with strange divining,  
Deep into that mill is shining—

Shining down through shatter'd door,  
Tangled wheels, and broken floor,  
On the dead man at the core ;—  
He shall kiss them never more !

Deep the falling wind-sails dinted  
All that hillock's swelling crest ;  
Now the placid sunlight glinted  
Through the ruins on its breast.

And I thought, all things that sever  
Life from matter, or that rend  
Flesh from spirit, symbol ever,  
Still the distant, certain end.

Types and symbols ever teaching  
Gleaming truths through darkest strife,  
Hopes and longings ever reaching  
Forward to the only life.

Yes ; whilst other light is shining,  
And the earth a ruin lies,  
I shall look with calm divining  
From some home in yonder skies.

With that heavenly lustre beaming  
On this old world's rotten ball,  
I shall see a clear light gleaming  
Through the hidden heart of all.

All the secret springs of action,  
All the dusty cells of thought ;  
All repulsion, all attraction,  
Life and death together brought.

All the cobwebs science weaving,  
Daily, nightly, o'er earth spread ;  
All the flies that died there, leaving  
Cobwebs speckled with their dead.

All religion's ghosts and terrors,  
Bloody hates and cruel fears ;  
All the hosts of human errors,  
Scatter'd broadcast by the years.

In that still'd machinery prying,  
I shall find, then look no more,  
Human life all crush'd and lying,  
Dead and rotten at the core.

*LINES ON BLOOMFIELD.*

So Bloomfield sang in simple song,  
The rustic pleasures of his land ;  
The kindly word, remember'd long,  
The genial heart, the lib'ral hand.

To him, poor child of toil, was given  
To choose in life the better part ;  
To bear the noblest gifts of heaven—  
A sentient soul, a grateful heart.

All day at meanest toil he wrought,  
At night he sought the lowliest shed,  
Still could he live with love and thought,  
And bless the hand that doled his bread.

He walked abroad in humblest guise,  
In clouted shoon and fustian clad ;  
Yet nature to his loving eyes,  
Was ever beauteous, ever glad.

To him the sunshine and the rain,  
The giant trees, the tiny flowers,  
Spoke solace in the day of pain,  
And added joy to happier hours.

No toil, no poverty could mar  
His pleasure on the green grass sod ;  
His lowly lot was ne'er a bar  
To joy in nature, trust in God.

We cannot sing with Bloomfield's skill,  
His simplest notes exceed our powers ;  
But e'en through lives of toil and ill,  
His genial heart may still be ours.

He showed us labour's hardest hand  
Warm'd by kind Nature's softest heart ;  
The humblest tiller of the land  
Graced by the poet's sacred art.

And still the themes he loved are ours—  
The wood-walk's dew-besprinkled way ;  
The fragrance of the summer flowers ;  
The glory of the autumn day ;

The bounteous heart that still will strive,  
To work with zeal the Maker's plan,  
And vindicate in deeds benign  
The eternal brotherhood of man.

*TO THE GREEK SLAVE IN THE  
CRYSTAL PALACE, 1851.*

HOLY, touching loveliness,  
Sorrow robed in beauty's dress !  
Wrong'd and naked, chained, a slave !  
Lost to hope, too low to save ;  
In thy beauty, Heaven's dower,  
In thy purity and power,  
'Mid thy woes 'twere sin to name  
(Voiceless wastes of burning shame),  
By the depth of thy distress,  
By thy power e'en there to bless,  
By thy grief's unutter'd wail,—  
Sister, sister, thee I hail.

When the world with bitter tone  
Mocks at sorrow's dying groan ;  
When the heart from hopeless grief  
Never, never finds relief—  
Mis'ry with each passing breath,  
Hard for life, too weak for death ;

When a tyrant's iron hand  
Crushes down a happy land,  
And the helpless cry to God,  
Kneeling on the bloody sod ;—  
Then a form before my eyes,  
Pure as thine, will seem to rise.  
Thine the face the vision wears,  
Sorrow all too deep for tears ;  
Lips that never more shall part,  
Speaking griefs that broke the heart.

Then a tremor thrills my frame,  
Words arise I dare not name ;  
Throbs my heart, my pulse beats high,  
Burning tear-drops dim my eye ;  
All my nature seems on fire,  
Raging with a tempest dire.  
Fix'd, a purpose fills my soul,  
Ruling there without control ;  
Forth I must and strike a blow—  
Tyrant power shall tumble low.  
Scorning fears, I dare the deed ;  
Victor stand, or vanquish'd bleed.  
Come life, come death, I'll strike the strong,  
Break ev'ry chain and right the wrong.

Passes from my troubled eye  
Vision sad and purpose high,

Fades like moonlight from the wave,  
Sinks like phantom to its grave ;  
But from off the tossing heart  
Sense of wrong will not depart ;  
Lying in its troubled might,  
Waiting but the voice of Right,  
Or thy sweet, strong, but silent call,  
To burst each meaner passion's thrall,  
And reign supreme the Lord of all.

And the high art that could warm  
All thy beauty into form,  
Felt this passion's living thrill,  
Knew this tempest of the will ;  
Mark'd the innocence and grace  
Pictured in thy youthful face ;  
Heard thy laugh and saw thee rove,  
By the brook and through the grove ;  
Leapt with rage and dire dismay  
When the spoiler seized his prey ;  
Follow'd, like the tempest's light,  
All thy bound and senseless flight ;  
Heard thy young heart's broken groan ;  
Then struck thee into living stone.

*AN ARTISAN'S SOLILOQUY IN THE  
YEAR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION,  
1851.*

Now have I toil'd for nearly fifty years :  
My head is fleck'd with grey ; my good right arm,  
That for so many years has won my bread,  
Begins at times to fail me ; and my eyes  
Ere the slow hours of toil have pass'd, are dim.

Shall I repine if, after such a life  
Of service, flesh and blood begin to fail ?  
Have I not taxed their utmost strength ?—beneath  
The earth, in deep and dang'rous mines ; before  
The glowing furnace, where the clear white heat  
Shrivell'd the skin upon the parch'd lips,  
And singed the lid from off the blear'd red eyes ;  
Within the workshop, where the whirr of wheels,  
The din of falling hammers, and the rush  
Of steam, have been my only music from  
The morning's break until the set of sun.  
Day after day, through my whole life, my hand  
Has fought the fight of labour, and my sweat,  
Like trickling drops of blood, lick'd up the dust.

And yet not all my hours have pass'd in toil ;  
For work has brought its recompense, in rest  
Enjoyed—bright happy moments, fill'd with love  
Of wife and child, or swift and sweetly sped  
In sturdy, tireless effort, to attain  
Some knowledge of the mightier minds of men,  
And that great world of thought which lives in books.  
No ; labour made my grimy palm like horn,  
Knotted these bony knuckles, bent my brow,  
And drew my sinews up like twisted wire ;  
But did not quench nor dim my inner life,  
Which, like a night-lamp in a lonely tower,  
Burn'd not less bright because the outward walls  
Were batter'd by the storm or seam'd by time.  
That inner life I watch'd, and fed it oft  
With fruits of knowledge cull'd from History's page,  
With light that gleam'd from calm philosophy,  
And that bright fire divine, that glows and burns  
Along the sacred path of Poetry.

With Labour, I have striven to link the power  
Of knowledge, so that mind and body might  
Fulfil the end for which they were create,  
And glorify their Maker in their use.  
And now that Labour has a temple rear'd  
Within the land, where eager men have piled  
His thousand altars with their off'rings, brought  
From ev'ry land and clime beneath the sun ;

Shall not I, who for all my life have been  
One of his sturdiest sons, go forth and view  
His triumph ; and perhaps with brothers from  
Far distant storied lands, form bonds and leagues  
Which never shall be sundered, but shall grow  
And strengthen, till our children's brighter day  
Shall see them bind the family of man  
In peaceful might for ever ?

Or perchance

The sight of some great wonder of my art  
May bring fresh combinations to my brain,  
And I may give the world some triumph, new  
To science and to skill, to mind and man.

*THE ARTISAN WITHIN THE CRYSTAL  
PALACE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.*

WELL have ye wrought, my brothers ; now I know  
Labour is crown'd, and wears upon his brow  
The glitt'ring emblems of imperial power :  
This is his triumph, this the fated hour  
Long seen by prophets and the bards of old.  
Exult, my brothers, strong and wise and bold !  
Trumpet and banner with your numbers bring ;  
The wind shall bear your glad notes on his wing.  
Let your gay streamers flicker in the sun ;  
The reign of Wisdom has at length begun.  
The bloody laurel from the warrior's head  
(That grave flower, blooming only o'er the dead)  
Is fading fast ; then let the wide world ring  
With the loud shout, " Labour is crown'd a king."

And this his temple ! palace ! house of light !  
Grandly immense ; sublime, yet gay and bright,  
As if a structure from a fairy dream  
Built of the dew, beneath the silver beam

Of some rich harvest moon, had by the power  
Of old magician raised its filmy bower  
Above the topmost boughs of mighty trees,  
Where nought had ever soar'd but bird or breeze ;  
And stretch'd each way, as far as eye could scan,  
Woods, rocks, and fountains, cov'ring with its span,  
'Till by strong tension ev'ry fairy line  
Became as pure as beams of light that shine  
From noonday sun ; then, without noise or shock,  
To crystal changed, which, firm as Alpine rock,  
Retains each thin-drawn line and airy form,  
But bears unmoved the blast of fiercest storm :  
A dream in all that meets the wond'ring eye,  
To sense and touch a strong reality.

How boldly leaps above that old elm tree  
This perfect arch ; and long its tracery, see  
The rainbow colours with the light combine,  
To show each spider-wrought, intricate line !  
How brightly through the roof the sun's rays dash !  
How strange this moving hum, this ceaseless splash  
Of falling waters, with the organ's note  
Now pealing near, now dying more remote ;  
This myriad, moving, earnest, gazing crowd,  
Those changeless, silent, dreamlike statues, bow'd  
In deep despair, or stirr'd by passion's breath  
To energy of action—still as death !

These varied shapes and forms of diverse hue,  
That wondrous distance melting into blue,  
These mingling colours with their orient gleam,  
This polish'd metal's glitt'ring, dazzling beam,  
These tropic plants and flowers blooming fair,  
These banners hanging in the painted air,—  
These sights and sounds, these changing forms and  
gleams,  
Pass like a rapid whirl of gorgeous dreams.  
The soul looks through the eye with vivid strain,  
Sensation dies upon the dizzy brain ;  
My heart beats full, my sinewy strong right arm  
Hangs nerveless at my side—let me be calm ;  
And whilst I walk this vision-charmèd way  
And these rich wonders of the world survey,  
Remember I am one of that great band,  
The craftsmen, artists, workers, of this land,  
Who built this palace, and have here enshrined  
The products palpable of hand and mind ;  
And here these textures, ores, and works were brought,  
That gather'd nations might be bless'd and taught ;  
Then as I pass reflect at ev'ry turn,  
That I am here to mark, to think, and learn.

*THE "RESOLUTE."*

ALONE ! alone ! by night and day,  
Beneath the frost-king's polar sway,  
Fast ribb'd in ice the good ship lay.

Her masts were shafts of crystal bright ;  
Her sides were sheets of metal white,  
That glitter'd in the starry night.

She lay alone ; no human sound  
Disturb'd the polar night profound,  
That curtain'd the horizon round.

Upon her decks no voice was heard,  
No seaman's laugh, no captain's word ;  
No sign of life within her stirr'd.

Caught, on her darkly vent'rous way,  
Within that stern ice-grip, she may  
Lie, till bright dawns the judgment-day.

Her sides of oak, whence thunder boom'd  
O'er many a sea, may lie entomb'd  
For ever, in that ice enwomb'd.

Within, not faintest gleam or glow ;  
Without, eternal frost and snow,  
Where everlasting ice-winds blow.

O'er crystal pinnacle and spire,  
The skies are red with meteor fire,  
Or blacken'd with the tempest's ire.

Sometimes the moon, with lambent light,  
Leads all the splendours of the night  
Around the good ship's masts so white.

Up from their central polar ring,  
The northern lights' wild dances spring,  
And cleave the night with fiery wing.

But lone and fast the good ship bides ;  
No sign nor sound release betides ;—  
The ice-grip tightens round her sides.

For sixteen months entomb'd she lay,  
Till south-west winds began to play,  
And loosed her on her wat'ry way.

Now toss'd upon the reckless waves,  
While fierce and wild the dark storm raves,  
With shatter'd masts her fate she braves.

By boundless fields of glitt'ring snow,  
Where tow'ring icebergs skyward grow,  
She drifts, where'er the wind may blow.

Help comes at last ; a sailor's hand  
And voice once more her course command,  
And steer her to his native land.

There kindly men, with skilful care,  
Her broken sides and masts repair,  
Till soon she floats, as sound and fair

As when she left old England's shore,  
To dare the northern tempest's roar,  
Where Winter holds his kingdom hoar.

Now 'scaped her perils dark and keen,  
The brave old *Resolute* is seen,  
A nation's gift to England's queen.

Ah ! who shall say he may not sweep,  
Like this lone ship, o'er waters deep,  
Where tempests dire their revels keep ?

---

All purposeless, his vacant soul  
Drift onward still without control,  
Where'er the troubled waters roll.

Or lie fast lock'd within a mound  
Of sense and sin, with torpor bound,  
And hopeless in that dark profound.

But hears, though by whole oceans laved,  
Yet ineffaced, by mem'ry graved,  
Some God-sent text which might have saved.

Oh, when shall our great Captain's hand  
Of these lost vessels take command,  
And guide them to His native land ?

*THE TRUE FAIRYLAND.*

## A SONG.

I do not pine for forest cells,  
Where 'neath the leaves the fairy dwells,  
    Or wanders with the bee ;  
My little garden-plot of flowers,  
My happy home, my own loved bowers,  
    Are fairyland to me.

I do not sigh for glowing lands,  
Where rivers over golden sands  
    Glide to a silver sea ;  
The winding banks of one small stream,  
Where youth and love together dream,  
    Are fairyland to me.

I would not float on filmy sail,  
With fairy elves on summer gale,  
    At eve by tower and tree ;  
When labour's daily task is done,  
Yon mossy bank at setting sun  
    Is fairyland to me.

---

I do not sigh for painted bowers,  
Where fays and sylphs 'mid purple flowers  
    Make magic melody ;  
That old green lane, where ev'ry spring,  
The primrose blooms and wild birds sing,  
    Is fairyland to me.

I would not dwell in charmèd halls,  
Where gems upon the crystal walls  
    Shine soft and silently ;  
My home, where hearts in truth are plight,  
And eyes with love shine clear and bright  
    Is fairyland to me.

*LIDGATE PARAPHRASED.*

## A DESCRIPTION OF PARADISE.

Out of a rib, whilst Adam deeply slept,  
 Fair Eve was form'd, made perfect from his side ;  
 All suddenly in loveliness she stept,  
 God's gift to him, his help-meet and his bride,  
 For joy and comfort with him aye to bide.  
 So wives at first the Maker did ordain,  
 Either for help or for increase of pain.

To them God freely gave all sov'reign power  
 In Paradise, a place where joys unbidden  
 Came ever to each happy plain and bower ;  
 All fruits that grew on high, or lowly hidden,  
 To eat, were theirs ; but one there was forbidden.  
 God said to them, the Bible does declare,  
 That e'en to touch this fruit they should not dare.

All pure delights in that fair heavenly place  
 God put, and to their keeping free did give,  
 To use them ev'ry passing minute's space,  
 And taste all pleasures that in them did live ;

Here kept the blossom fair, and fresh the bloom,  
And fruits were ever ripe, nor in the gloom  
Of storms were shaken to a wintry tomb.

The soil was broider'd thick with summer flowers ;  
No worthless weed did bring a thought of sadness,  
For God and nature all the passing hours  
Gave ev'ry place fresh colour, leaves, and gladness.  
Each bower and bank was clad in freshest sheen,  
And fairest Flora of all flowers the queen,  
Her livery made of a perpetual green.

The trees reach'd almost to the sunny heaven,  
And cast about a full and pleasant shade ;  
No storms, nor rain, nor thunder, wind, nor leven,  
Had power one glistening leaf on them to fade :  
Ever was glad and fresh each stately glade,  
And in their midst, high, tow'ring, one might see,  
Fairest of all, of Life the wondrous tree.

Free as the cloudless orient moon from stain,  
The glittering rivers ran like silver fine,  
Gurgling 'tween flow'ry banks across the plain,  
But sweetly pure, and perfect crystalline ;  
Springing exhaustless from a source divine,  
The limpid waters spread with pleasant sound,  
And murmur'd gentle music all around.

There ever rose a joyous choral song  
From blithest birds, in perfect harmony ;  
To that pure place no evil did belong,  
There could be foster'd nought of malady,  
But all was mirth and sweetest melody,  
There joy and bliss in sov'reign power did reign,  
And pleasure fill'd the heart, uncheck'd by pain.

*PEPPER'S LETTER.*

DEAR MISSUS,

Master's just gone out,  
And left his writing things about ;  
I've got his pen—a good steel scraper,  
A sheet of his milk-white notepaper.  
To make me high enough, with care  
I've put the Bible on a chair ;  
And here I sit at ease, inditing  
This letter in my best handwriting.

But where or how shall I begin,  
To tell the troubles I've been in,  
From maid and master, fools and fleas,  
From washings, scrubbings, soap, and grease ?  
Enough perhaps for me to say,  
That ever since you went away,  
I've lived a *dog's* life night and day.  
I'm better now—let's jog on faster ;  
And first I'll talk about my master.

"Twixt you and me, 'tis all his spite  
To tell you that I howl at night :  
Pray treat that tale with hearty scorn.  
You've heard *him*, on a Sunday morn,  
Just when his shaving he begins,  
*Howl* out some odd lines from the hymns—  
" There is a land of pure delight."  
He'd murder all the pleasure, quite.  
" There my best friends, my kindred, dwell."  
Perhaps they do ; I know full well,  
If they ain't deaf, that on the day  
They hear *him* there, they'll cut away.  
But never mind, we'll let it pass ;  
Master's a well-intentioned ass.  
Give him a pipe, a sunny day,  
And bubbles bright to blow away ;  
Like gayest bird he'll blithely sing,  
" Life gives no purer, richer thing,  
Than just throughout the summer day  
To mark these bubbles float away."

And now, dear missus, tell me, pray,  
That you'll no longer keep away ;  
Believe me, I've been badly treated,  
Misunderstood, neglected, cheated.  
There's that — — —, I must own,  
She fed me well with meat and bone ;

But then I never had my way—  
She snubb'd me twenty times a day ;  
She's made, I know, of right good stuff,  
But doesn't value dogs enough.  
Mere men she'll manage at her pleasure,  
But dogs are quite beyond her measure.  
She doesn't know our rank and station,  
We don't come in her dispensation.  
Did I belong to human kind,  
With choker white, and *tails* behind,  
Were six feet high, could joke and smile,  
And “hailed” from Ireland's emerald isle,  
She'd quickly share with me her hoard,  
And freely give me bed and board.  
But —— ——, he's a stunner,  
A reg'lar brick, a first-rate “wunner ;”  
Through all my life his praise I'll utter.  
He gave me ham, 'twixt bread and butter ;  
The daintiest bits he made me eat,  
And fed me with the finest meat.  
Three cheers for that old silver head !  
Long may he live ; and when he's dead,  
I'll deeply grave upon his stone—  
“ For this old man one heart makes moan,  
And will in love his mem'ry hold—  
Till when ? you ask. Till Pepper's *cold.*”  
But as for that poor girl, your maid,  
And Mother Snell, I'm half afraid

On this clean paper here to write  
The names I call'd them in my spite :  
But never mind them, missus dear ;  
Come home, come home, my heart to cheer.  
But p'raps you've lived in such fine places,  
Have seen such beauties, gifts, and graces,  
That you'll despise your humble home,  
And long again to leave and roam.

And yet, when home once more returning,  
From wand'ring far on sea or plain,  
A heart of love within us burning  
To throb 'gainst one dear breast again,—  
Ah ! then hard hands are velvet soft,  
The homeliest face has angel's eyes,  
The meanest door is Eden's gate,  
The humblest scenes are Paradise.

This verse is master's fine inditing ;  
I found it 'mongst his other writing.  
Oh, ain't it stuff ? It doesn't shine  
Beside these flowing lines of mine.  
Well, I must go ; I've an appointment,  
To be well rubb'd with sulphur ointment ;  
The stuff was made by Mr. Skepper ;  
It does me good.

Yours truly,

PEPPER.

*GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.*

GIVEN TO A LADY WITH THESE LINES.

TALES of our youth again !  
Tales of the fairyland !  
Tales that delight us now,  
Though low in time's glass runs the sand.

Love of our youth again !  
Love with our life that grows,—  
Love that is tender still,  
And fresh as the summer's first rose.

Love and dear land of light ;  
Land and love that are wed,—  
Sweet land and love for us,  
In that time when time shall be dead.

*TO —*

I COULD not live this life alone ;  
I could not hear this ceaseless groan,  
That rises like the surging moan  
    Of some wide-circling sea ;  
I could not bear this sorrow's smart,  
This venom'd pain's enduring dart ;  
Did not one loving, gentle heart,  
    Walk all life's paths with me.

I could not see the gifts that spring  
(God sent) does on this broad earth fling,  
Nor hear the summer song-birds sing  
    Their carols blithe and free,  
Had not that heart, in forest glade,  
By sunny bank, or bower'd shade,  
My own, these joys full doubly made,  
    By sharing them with me.

---

I scarce could hope my spirit's flight,  
Through this thick gloom of cloud and night,  
Would end in that fair world of light,  
    Where tears shall never be,  
But that within my soul I know,  
When through the narrow gate we go,  
The heart that is my strength below,  
    My bliss in heaven shall be.

## *THE REBUILDING OF THE RUINED STEEPLE.*

AROUND me deep your fathers sleep,  
Beneath my foot their ashes rest ;  
Then rear me high t'wards yon blue sky,  
Where dwell their souls for ever blest.

Yes, raise me there, in thin clear air,  
Where high and free the sweet lark sings,  
And angels bright, in rapid flight,  
Shall brush me with their purple wings.

Then vale and stream, with shade and gleam,  
Shall form my rich and far survey ;  
And summer's breeze on tall green trees,  
Below my taper spire shall play.

And I shall hear, so sweet and clear,  
All sounds of joy that give delight ;  
Sweet music borne on wings of morn,  
Or sighing soft at silent night.

---

When, from far land or distant strand,  
The wand'rer seeks his native sod,  
His joyful eye shall first descry  
The spire that marks the house of God.

For I shall stand, in this fair land,  
An emblem of the faith you love,  
Firm resting here to guide and cheer,  
But pointing still to realms above.

From me shall ring sweet summoning,  
To hear the word that helps and saves ;  
And solemn knell of funeral bell,  
When mourners stand by open graves.

In joyous swells my merry bells  
Shall rise when hearts are join'd for ever,  
And faith is plight and hands unite,  
To part no more till death shall sever.

By day and night, through dark and light,  
My watch beside these graves I'll keep ;  
Perhaps until the breath shall fill  
The trump that wakes the dead from sleep.

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